

Ravelings.

1894

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FROM THE PRESS OF
The Monmouth Republican Printing Co.,
MONMOUTH, ILLS.,
1894.

MONMOUTH COLLEGE



1894.

VOLUME III.

TO
THE ALUMNI OF MONMOUTH COLLEGE,
WHOSE NOBLE WORK
FOR HUMANITY IS ONLY EQUALLED BY THEIR UNSWERVING LOYALTY
TO THEIR ALMA MATER,
THE EDITORS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS VOLUME.

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Calendar for 1893-94.

Examination of Candidates for Admission,	Begins at 9 a. m , September 6-7
Fall term	Begins at 2 p. m , September 6
Inter-Collegiate Contest	October 6
Fall Term	Ends December 21
Winter Term	Begins at 2 p. m , January 9
Day of Prayer for Colleges	January 24
Winter Term	Ends March 29
Spring Term	Begins at 2 p. m , April 10
Inter-State Contest	May 10
Senior Examinations	May 21-25
Final Examinations	June 5-8
Baccalaureate Sermon by the President	3 p. m , June 10
Sermon Before the Christian Union	8 p. m , June 10
Annual Prayer Meeting in College Chapel	8 p. m., June 11
Annual Meeting of the Senate	10:30 a. m., June 12
Class Night	8 p. m , June 12
Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association	9 a. m June 13
Public Exercises of Alumni Association	8 p. m , June 13
Commencement Day	June 14
Annual Concert	8 p. m., June 14
June Examinations for Admission	5-8



“M. E.”

C. F. W., '94

WE bind this bay around thy brow
With hearts of love and pride that thrill
Toward thee, our ALMA MATER still,
Ne'er loved more loyally than now.

For thou art worthy to be crowned,
Fair authoress of books as grand
As storied bard in ancient land
E'er penned, tho' far and wide renowned.

Thy books are LIVES; the world may read
Therein unfolding page by page,
The noble truth the precepts sage
Which win for thee a glorious meed

Of gratitude from all whose lives are pure,
Who love their country, and their country's youth
Would lead to highest, holiest truth,
And make a nation's future sure.

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*Elected December, 1893.

†Elected December, 1893.

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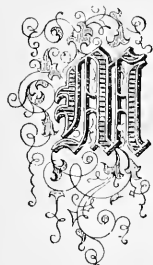
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History of Monmouth College.



MONMOUTH COLLEGE is denominational but not sectarian. As a College it is United Presbyterian, yet it enforces no *is.m.* It is characterized by a spirit of Loyalty to its own and Liberty to others. Its sphere is, the Church, the Community, and the World. Its answer to the first question in the College catechism "What is Education?" is, "It is a threefold development of body, mind and spirit," here mentioned in the order of their importance, physical, mental, moral. Its distinctive feature as an Educational Institution is summed up in the word, "Christian." It emphasizes the idea of educating the moral sense and conscience. It boldly asserts that spiritual power is better than that of body and mind combined, but that the education of all three together is the best—the only true education. Such ideas gave birth to Monmouth College. In the belief of such principles its foundations were laid, and during all the years of its history the aim of the College has been to accomplish this end.

In its early history Monmouth College flourished under various and more unassuming titles. While it was ambitious it did not claim to be a University from the day of its birth. It was known by the modest names of Grammar School, High School, or Academy. The first meeting to organize was held Monday, May 6th, 1853, in what was then the basement of the old Presbyterian Church—but recently converted into an Opera house. The school first occupied a modest frame building which stood just north of what was then the Baldwin House—now the Richardson. Here, on the first Monday of November, 1853, the school opened and the work began. Such was Monmouth College *in embryo*. At first the young institution, in one respect at least, imitated the greatest of Greek philosophers. It was somewhat peripatetic. It moved about. It had no abiding place. The following summer the school was removed to the basement of the Presbyterian church. Then, after two years, it moved to occupy a District School House then standing on the ground now occupied by the Y. M. C. A. building. The next move was into a house of its own, the Old Academy building—still standing in the northwest part of the city, now used as the manufactory of an article which is an aid to that which is "next to godliness." Here it remained for a number of years, and then it finally removed to its present grand home with its spacious buildings and beautiful surroundings.

The real history of Monmouth College began Jan. 1st, 1856. At that time there was elected what was called a full faculty. REV. D. A. WALLACE was elected President; REV. J. R. BROWN, Professor of Languages, and REV. MARION MORRISON, Professor of Mathematics. In the 38 years following there have been but two administrations of the College. Dr. Wallace continued to be president for twenty-two years. To write his biography during that time would be to write the

history of the College. He laid the foundation, deep and strong, and he also builded thereupon. By his instructions and personal influence he moulded its character and largely gave direction to its future growth. It was well said by Dr. R. C. Matthews, who, for the whole twenty-two years, was his fast friend and able supporter: "Seldom does any enterprise of the kind so completely absorb the whole man as Monmouth College—as a school of Christ, for that was his ideal of it—absorbed him. Body and mind; time, talent and culture; labor and purse—the one abundant and the other lean—and above all, *heart*, were all invested in Monmouth College."

After a short interim Dr. J. B. McMICHAEL was chosen as the successor of Dr. Wallace. His inauguration took place Sept. 5th, 1878. For sixteen years he has continued to be the honored head of the College, and is with us unto this day. During these sixteen years there has been a steady growth in all directions. Debt has been cancelled. The ironclad scholarships—whereby a year's tuition was given for six dollars—have been gathered in. The Endowment fund has been increased four-fold. The curriculum has been enlarged. A new course of study has been added. The College was first organized with a corps of three teachers—one President and two Professors—now the teaching force numbers the President and twelve Professors. The growth throughout these later years may not have been so apparent, but it has been steady and substantial. We can but touch on these salient points.

However brief a history of the College is presented, omission must not be made of its Literary Societies. They constitute a marked feature. The friends of the Institution point to them with pride. They are helping to enrich the College history. "Four in number—two gentlemen's and two ladies." It is no vain boasting but plain fact to say that there is nothing in the State that will compare with them. They have grown with the College. Their halls are like elegant parlors richly furnished. All have their musical instruments and fine libraries. Their contests—society and inter-society—always attract large audiences. Here we find one reason why a tabulation of the markings in the Oratorical Contests, not only in the State but in the Inter-State also, ranks Monmouth College *first*.

The first graduating class was in 1858. Its number was four. Since then over 900 have been added to the roll of the Alumni. These constitute the finished product. It is *hand made*. "By their fruits ye shall know them." They have gone out from the College halls into the Church and into the World to bear their part in the work of bettering the world. It is they and the thousands of undergraduates who received from it their education, who are making and writing the real history of the College. In hundreds of pulpits, in over one hundred class-rooms as teachers, as lawyers, physicians, bankers, merchants, in every honorable calling, and with but few exceptions, a noble, consecrated band of workers, are making the history of Monmouth College. It may be unwritten history here, but in the "Great Book of Remembrance" it will be all written and kept. Leaves of this history are being written in many lands and in many languages, for the children of Monmouth College have gone out into almost every land upon which the sun shines,

The Evolution of the Departments of Monmouth College.



THE beginnings of Monmouth College were small, her ambitions large; opportunity for a College education equal to the best, was the objective point. Toward this she has moved with constant and earnest effort. The first catalogue (1837) shows a President and two regular Professors—one of Mathematics and Natural Science combined, the other of Ancient Languages including Latin, Greek and Hebrew; two years later the latter was divided, making a chair of Latin and one of Greek and Hebrew.

In 1860 Latin and German were combined. In 1861 Latin was for the first time required in the Scientific course. In 1863 the chair of Modern Languages was established.

The year of 1864 was one of marked progress. The Academy was organized under a regular principal. The departments of Mathematics and Natural Science were separated and a professor assigned to each. In the same year a professorship of English Language and Literature was established and its duties allotted to the President. In 1866 English was made a separate chair.

In 1875 the Scientific course, heretofore two years, was lengthened to three. In this year, also, the chair of Philosophy was established, and the Latin and Hebrew united in one department.

The year 1886 is another landmark in the history of the College. Philosophy was assigned to the President; a chair of Social Science established; a Professor of Elocution elected, and arrangements made for field work in Surveying.

In 1890 the Musical Department was organized on a permanent basis. In the fall of 1892, another important advance was made. A new course of three years—the Literary—was established. The Scientific was made a full four years course, running parallel with the Classical. The Natural Science work was divided into two departments—Biology and Chemistry.

There are now eleven Departments and thirteen Professors. Such has been the growth, along this line, of Monmouth College in her thirty-eight years of existence. In achievement, there is much that is gratifying; in promise, much that is encouraging.

J. H. W.

Our First President.

BY MRS JENNIE LOGUE CAMPBELL.

DAVID A. WALLACE was born near Fairview, Guernsey County, Ohio, in 1826. He was graduated at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, with the honors of his class, in 1846. Entering the University, he was settled, first at Fall River, Mass., then at East Boston. From the latter charge he was called to the Presidency of Monmouth College, and accepting the position, entered upon his work, October, 1856, two months after the College was opened. Here he remained until January, 1878, when he resigned on account of broken health, accepting a pastorate at Wooster, Ohio. In the Autumn of 1883, he was elected to a professorship in the Theological Seminary at Xenia, Ohio; but before he could enter upon this work, he died at Wooster, October 21, 1883.

These are the outlines of the life and work of Dr. Wallace. To the students of the present, his is only a venerable name associated with the kindly face which looks down from the portrait on the chapel walls. But to those who were with him in the Faculty, and to those who were his pupils, his is the hallowed memory of a noble life. To give anything more than the slightest sketch of his life and work is impossible in these brief lines.

DR. WALLACE had that characteristic of all great men—intense earnestness in his work. All the resources of his great heart and head, and of his scanty purse, were poured forth in behalf of the struggling College. To build up on these western prairies, a distinctively Christian College—this was his great life-aim. The financial system, the discipline, the course of study, of the institution were the subjects of the most careful thought and investigation. But it was in the moral and religious work of the College that his influence was most felt. A very practical man of affairs, he was also a deeply spiritual Christian, and many a young life was kindled to deeper devotion by contact with his earnest nature. His method of government was largely by individual influence. Every student who came to College became the object of his personal solicitude. Was one beginning to stray into the path of evil—Dr. Wallace's eye was on him, and by direct approach, and by enlisting fellow-students in the wanderer's behalf, he strove to win him back to the right way. Even the dull and unattractive were the objects of his care, and he would permit no slighting reference to the intellect of a student in his presence. He was born to bear the burdens of others; and, both within and without the College, many were those who came to him for sympathy and advice, and none ever failed of patient hearing and helpful counsel.

To those associated with him in teaching, he was ever a source of strength. Ambitious he was indeed; but his was a noble ambition which never depreciated or underestimated the work of others. No man or woman ever taught with Dr. Wallace, or served the College in any capacity, without feeling that his or her merits received kindly recognition and appreciation.

While he was all this to professors and students, he did not forget his obligations as a citizen. His policy was to bring the College and the town into close touch, and he was ever a leader in everything which concerned the welfare of the community. It was largely because of his power of inspiring enthusiasm, that the College triumphed over all the difficulties which surrounded her early days, and became the noble institution she is to-day.

A granite shaft in Monmouth cemetery, erected by his pupils and friends, perpetuates his name. But the foundations of a far nobler monument are laid in human hearts that loved him, in human lives transformed by his influence; and its top extends above the clouds.



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 Philo.; Commencement Orator; Class night representative

W. H. CAMPBELL, Marissa.
 Ecritean; Commencement Orator; Class night representative

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 A. B. L.; Commencement Orator

J. W. CLENDENIN, Sparta,
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 Ecritean; Contest Essayist; Class night representative

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 Ecritean; Contest Debater

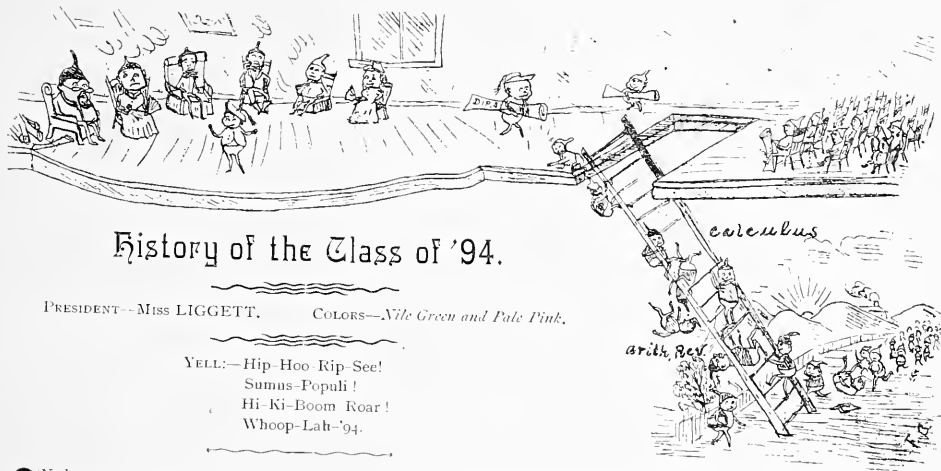
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C. F. WISHART, Monmouth.
 Philo.; Class night representative; Orator Inter State Contest

W. W. WOODBURN, Hinsdale.
 Philo.; Commencement Orator



CLASS OF '94.



History of the Class of '94.

PRESIDENT--MISS LIGGETT.

COLORS--*Nile Green and Pale Pink.*

YELL:--Hip-Hoo Rip-See!
 Sumus-Populi!
 Hi-Ki-Boom Roar!
 Whoop-Lah-'94.

IN the year 1888, so the records say, there was sown in the soft, green turf of Prepdom, the seed of a mighty oak--the embryo of the Class of '94. We speak of ourselves as an oak, not because we possess that quality which some term "toughness," but because of the mighty strength which is ours--physically, mentally and morally. Faculty and students have watched with wonder, and admiration, the marvelous growth of this aforesaid embryo.

To-day all bow down in humble adoration before this monarch of strength. Although it has been ours to reach an eminence which few if any before us have acquired, and which few classes have the least hope of reaching, yet it cannot be said of us:

"Since they have attained the utmost round,
 They unto the ladder turn their backs,
 Look into the clouds and scorn the base degrees,
 By which they did ascend."

Notwithstanding our marvelous success, and our great superiority, we are unassuming. "Modesty in speech and moderation in study," has been our motto from the beginning.

Looking down the ladder—at the top of which we now stand—we see others ascending, step by step, striving to reach the same position.

We do not scorn them, but rather look upon them with compassion. Especially so upon those who have reached those places in the ladder where so many fall through. In short, we possess the greatest solicitation and sympathy for those who are beneath us.

So you see, dear reader, that there are embodied in '94 all those virtues which go to make up the ideal class. In addition to our physical, our mental and our moral attainments, we are humble. In other words we have not the swell-head as some have. We abhor self praise and show the greatest deference for the halt, the maimed and the blind which we see coming after us. What does this mean? It means, to put it as modestly as possible,

"Sumus Populi."

Hoping that the peruser of this article has now a fair idea of our general character, we will proceed to discuss briefly one facts relating to the masculine and feminine factors of the class.

Going on the assumption that there is no truth in that old saying, "Age before Beauty," we will speak of the ladies first. Many are the accounts given in history of the unwavering loyalty of woman: History repeats itself. We take great pride in speaking of the loyalty of the girls of '94. We would hold up their example as one worthy of the imitation of all their sisters. On all occasions "Our Girls," as it were, have stood by us. In peace and in war the same fidelity has characterized them. Cheered on, by the ladies, we met the enemy and they were ours in the famous flag scrap. Many a time and oft upon the Base Ball arena, have we been inspired by their presence and applause, and urged on to victory. In the annals of College history shall their names go down, and they shall be an example for future generations. "Our Girls" have proven conclusively that woman is man's equal and oftentimes his superior, intellectually. One has only to hear the ladies of '94 discourse on subjects, metaphysical, mathematical, geological, astronomical, or otherwise, to be convinced of this fact. Many are the praises we could sing of them but space forbids.

A few words about the baser element, and we are through. We need no introduction to the student. We proclaim as did the conqueror of old, "Veni, vidi, vici." For benefit of the public we will say that although we have been assailed many times, we have always come off bearing "Palms of Victory." Our accomplishments in oratory are excelled by none other in the State of Illinois. We carried off the laurels at Inter-collegiate in '93 with very little exertion. With the ladies, truly, "We are The People."

We submit the foregoing facts for the perusal of friends and foes. All our merits we have not recounted, but perhaps enough has been said to give the reader some conception of whom and what we are. Hoping that this short article may prove an inspiration to all who read it, we bid you a long farewell.



The Past and Present of '95.



PRESIDENT—MISS DUFF. COLORS—*Bronze and White.*

Rackety shack, 'go whack go back
Rackety ho, go jolly Kimoo,
Rackety shack, go whack, 'go back
Jimminy buster of '95. Whoop.

WHENCE came we? What are we? Whither are we going?

An ancient manuscript, found among the ruins of the Monmouth College library, informs us that we sprang from nothing. Some one has said that the more obscure the origin the greater the man. This is especially true of '95 for what could be more obscure than our origin or more sublime than our present. To-day we are something. You say that is not much, but my friend, it is something to be something, and it is more to be a something which sprang from nothing, for we have disproved the theory that something cannot come from nothing.

With this slight allusion to our 'past and present, let us hasten to the last and most important question, Whither are we going? Well, frankly, not knowing we cannot say with a great degree of certainty, and we are satisfied, for the present to leave our future veiled in uncertainty, for '95 is a progressive class. Judging the future by the past a glorious future must await us.

Yes, '95 is progressive. Progress has been our watch-word, our class motto, and our class yell. You could see progress sticking out all over our jeans and calico, when on a bright September day we sat for the time in chapel and listened to that most wonderful of all productions, that encyclopedia of advice—the Doctor's annual address. How we loved the Doctor for that speech! How carefully we laid it up in our hearts, and filed it away in the pigeon-holes of our recollections. We have heard that speech many times since, but never has it made the impression on our minds that it did when we heard it rehearsed for the first time. Still in spite of this speech we progressed.

Of course, in those early days we were unsophisticated. The Freshmen poked fun at the cut of our hair. The Sophs. passed us by in cold indifference. The Juniors gave us whole dictionaries of advice; and the Seniors worked us for Society. Yet we progressed.

It is true that in our pristine state of innocence, the boys would occasionally shine out in all the splendor of a new celluloid collar, and that the girls wore their hair done up in papers the day before our first sociable. It is likewise true that one boy, fearful lest he should fail to get company for that sociable, sent invitations to three girls and that they all "accepted with pleasure." Yet, notwithstanding these little irregularities, we progressed.

Each succeeding year has brought us new honors. As Freshmen we won the base ball pennant, as Sophomores we assisted on that momentous occasion when the dirty banner of '95 was lowered from the College flag staff. As Junior—Ah! What honors have not come to wreath our brow? Who but a Junior rescued the College foot ball team from the oblivion, into which it was fast sinking, and led it on to victory? Who but a Junior won preliminary,* Who,—but why stop to enumerate our honors? Suffice it to say that there is no honor either on the athletic field, on the platform or in the class rooms that has not come, almost unbidden, to '95.

And now as we look back over our past history and contemplate our present greatness, we feel that we can enter into the dark and unknown future without a tremor. Whatever else we may do '95 is sure to progress and will continue to progress until the end of the chapter. In future ages, long after we have been gathered unto our fathers, coming classes will be heard to exclaim

"Oh when! Oh when! Shall there ever thrive,
Such a class as the class of '95!"



* The writer in his excitement forgot to mention that no one except Juniors go on this contest.

An Ode to '95.

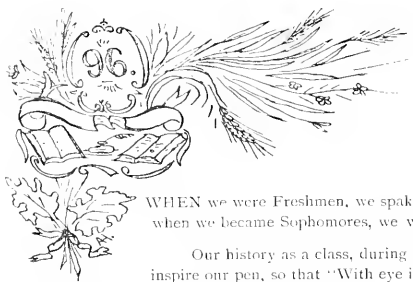


The night wind, with a desolate moan, swept by,
And the dense darkness of a starless night came down
'Till its death-like presence had forced itself
An unwelcome visitor into the poets chamber;
Until its pressure had reached his very soul,
And wrung from thence a murmur and a sigh—
“Ye gods! give back my reason! Sleep, begone!
And Grace and Beauty stand on either hand
To guide my pen 'till all the fullness of my soul
Be exorcised, and drop by drop my lagging stroke
Shall trace the outline of sweet virtue's self.
To-night, half waking, half asleep, I wander back
In memory fond, to College days gone by:
To scenes of pleasure and to friends so true,
Class-mates as gay and free as I, whose names
Come like enchantment 'till my wasting light
Brightens and softens as they come and go;
A class-room, class and stern professor come
And lull my senses with familiar hum;—
'Miss Hunter, read,'—(A good translation and well-earned 'well done.')
Miss Smith, Miss Robb, Miss Hallam, each in turn
Rehearse the Roman masters in another tongue.
Another class: roll call—hear them answer 'Here'—
Findley, Phelps, Campbell, Downie, Hogue,
Schenck, Niblock and Wallace answer clear
Each, nervous, thumbs his tattered xenopher,
'Till "Johnny" kindly calls on Pinkerton.

Then as "Pink" pushes vigorously thro' it,
 How soon the others look as if they knew it,
 And only waited for a chance to show it
 —How vain is life! How cruel is this Fate,
 That still demands of man the thing he cannot;
 And leaves him struggling with the deed he "maun" not.
 — But as I dream, still others pass in rote,
 Nor would I pass unheeded or neglect to note
 Those who were friends to me "lang syne,"
 And to the bourne of Lethe yet their names resign:
 The winsome Gertrade and the tuneful Frank;
 Studious Stella and the tragic Will;
 Transparent John or John Transparent as you like it,
 Sure one is right, 'tis right that you should right it—
 And Livingstone, of less familiar form and feature,
 Pleading the cause of every human creature;
 Carson, the eloquent, mild but quite persuasive,
 Hester, enthusiast, quiet (?) evasive;
 Martha, who never could support suspension,
 And "pitcher" Logan is worthy of some mention;
 And there is Arthur, guarding well the left,
 While gentle Alice whispered as she tarried:
 'I sigh for Barca, where my heart lies buried.'
 Then in mine ears a horrid rushing sound,
 A crash of falling shook the quaking ground,
 A cry of anguish, then of wild despair,
 And death-like silence filled the fevered air.
 A wandering demon, gnashing, tore his locks,
 While muttering, "Monmouth has defeated Knox;"
 McGaughey's coaching gave the boys the victory,
 And gave to '95 an envied history.
 —My taper from its socket gives a fitful light,
 Gleams for an instant, then dies into the night
 But darkness, day, nor demons, can contrive
 To dim the light of memory which burns for '95.

F.F.

Class History of '96.



CLASS PRESIDENT—MISS DOW. CLASS COLORS—*Violet and Bronze*.

CLASS YELL OF '96—Howa, Howa, mensa, wah, hoo !
Calla, walla, wah ! wah !
Ki, yi, hui, yah, hoo,
Ninety-six yough, yough !

WHEN we were Freshmen, we spake as Freshmen, we thought as Freshmen, we understood as Freshmen, but when we became Sophomores, we were able to down the Freshmen.

Our history as a class, during the past year, has truly been an eventful one. O ! that the muses would inspire our pen, so that "With eye in a fine frenzy rolling" we might be able to portray in all its vivid reality the history of illustrious '96.

The word Sophomore is of Greek origin, and means "*Two Wise Ones*." How aptly the name applies to the present class. The Prep, as he gazes upon our classic features is filled with admiration, and longs for the time when he shall be called a Soph. The Freshman turns a shade more verdant than he is, as he realizes how insignificant he becomes when compared to us. The Junior and Senior bow in humble submission to our superior intelligence. In Athletics also we stand at the head. Who has not heard of the famous foot ball team of '95. What class can show such an aggregation of foot ball players, base ball players, spinsters, etc., as ours. We fear however, that two of our best foot ball men are soon to leave us—our redoubtable center-rush and our invincible auburn-haired, half-back. A certain Freshman is said to never be satisfied with what she has but is always wanting *More*. While our auburn-haired, half-back is said to be contemplating a trip abroad. Some say to Italy. *To see Florence perhaps.*

Our girls are few, only four. But they more than make up for their fewness by their quality. One of them is said to be very brave. Late one night, hearing what she thought was a burglar prowling around, she, en-Dow-ed with remarkable courage, bravely went to a neighbor's, almost a block away for John.

Long to be remembered will be our "scrap" in Chapel over "The White Plug Hat." That was a high hand we were playing that day. We would have won, playing the "Joker" but Dr. took a hand in the game, got a "cinque" on us, played the "Deuce" and won.

* * * * * It had been an eventful day at Monmouth College. Five of the Sophs had appeared at Chapel in spring articles of dress. What a wave of admiration swept over Chapel as Cook marched gravely up the middle aisle, and took his seat in the front row, the center of attraction. The next day meeting one of the five he thus addressed us: "Last night the Freshmen, furious with rage, that we had something which they, owing to the hard times, and the depleted state of their pocketbooks, were unable to duplicate, entering my room while gentle slumber held me in its fast embrace, did basely steal my — my — pants." (for breath)

Consoling our brother by telling him that the Freshmen were not responsible for what they did, we went to school that afternoon, and, as we expected, found the missing articles reposing peacefully behind the big picture in Chapel. The same trade-mark stamped upon their bosom as that with which they had decorated the Chapel chairs a short time before.

But it almost repented us that we had made it impossible for them to work the old and worn out joke, when we saw the eager, upturned faces of that poor deluded class, watching for the pants that never came.

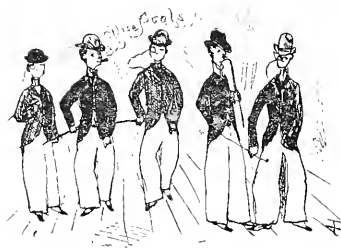
When Chapel service was ended, with pale face and streaming eyes they tottered down the stairs, and, on their knees, they prayed that we might buy them for a *penny* and say no more about the matter. Ay! amid the dust and dirt of the lower hall they begged this poor boon, while all the assembled students, and the professors, shouted in derision, and gave them the horse-laugh.

But we had no time for such things, and so we left them to their sad, sad fate, while we kept on advancing up the ladder of fame, as we always will advance, until we stand upon its topmost round.

All too soon the time will come when we must bid the dear old college walls a sad farewell. Then standing upon the threshold of a new life, with all its stern realities, and looking down through the vista of years, we see a brilliant future stretching out for the class of '96. We see her members holding positions of honor and trust. The eminent divine, the illustrious lawyer, the far-seeing statesman—filling the halls of congress with his burning eloquence—all will have their representatives in the present class of Sophs.

Soon the world's history will be our own, and, in succeeding ages, the corridors of time shall echo and re-echo to the praise of '96.

—❖❖❖—FINIS—❖❖❖—





PRESIDENT—G. L. MITCHELL. COLORS—*Lavender and Pink.*

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
 Zum Boo Bah !
 Ninety-seven, ninety-seven
 Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

TO sound the praises of the Freshman class of '97 in 700 words, would be impossible even though we employ big words, such as our venerable Senior: use. With pride we make the original statement, that the class of '97 is the flower of the whole United States. It is one peculiar yet healthful fact; that for the first week of school, before every body had met everybody, whenever a fair lady or manly youth was seen, this remark was made: "Oh ! There goes a Freshman, it beats the world how all the pretty girls and manly boys are in that class "

We came here that we might learn and at the same time have considerable fun. Since we have faithfully carried out the first, the second has been a natural consequence. It is not necessary to prove that we are scholarly; you all remember how, dispensing with our teacher, we taught ourselves first hour one day. Now if any one doubts for one moment concerning our reputation in regard to learning, go with me some night to the Professor's house, where you may see him shedding briny tears, when he thinks how "Monmouth College will never have such a class again, and that there are only three more years till we shall loose it."

Take us socially. In this we again surpass all preceding classes. Beside the ordinary socials, we have had two banquets in place of one, as was the custom of former classes. Our first banquet was served in College Chapel, on the morning of November 29th. As to whether it was a success or not may be learned from the comments made upon it by the Chicago papers of the next day. They spoke as follows:

"One of the greatest social events of the year, was a banquet participated in yesterday, by the Freshmen of Monmouth College. There was quite a sprinkling of spike-tails and full dress."

When the foot-ball season came on, we entered the lists and came forth having won every game we played. There has been nothing, in fact, which we have undertaken that has not been accomplished. Did the keys work? Is room No. 9 troubled with mice any more since our blue-haired, white-eyed classmates drove them out?

Was there an ascension in chapel? Were not the Sophs kept in the house two days by simply mislaying their ice cream pants? Who hired a policeman to watch at their social? And we point with pride and admiration to our girls who so nobly struck a blow for freedom and justice, by shutting the door of room No. 9.

You all recall when we determined to have our foot-ball picture taken—a few of the Seniors combined with the Junior and Sophomore classes to prevent us—were they successful? No, indeed. '97 stood all Monmouth College at bay, and had a picture taken, that is worthy of the closest scrutiny.* We do not wish to push ourselves, but it is only just to tell you that the commissioners of the Mid-Winter Fair, sent to Prof. Nicol to obtain one of the said pictures for their Art Gallery.

Another evidence of our superiority, is the number of our musicians. We read of the great Masters—how they began to compose while quite young—but we never heard of any composing as early in life as did Mr. Wallace when he composed the following, with appropriate music:

One night the Fresh had a social,
One night the Fresh had a tea;
That night the Sophs came to see us,
To see how friendly we'd be.

CHORUS:—Dragged in, dragged in,
Dragged in our banners to see'
Dragged in, dragged in,
Dragged in our banners to see,

Copyrighted.

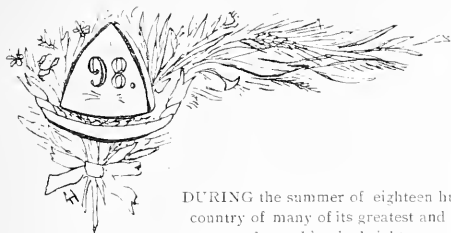
We were the only class that did homage to the Father of Our Country.

And turning to our Base Ball team, we see in her that which never will allow her streamers of lavender and pink to be trodden in the dirt.

As we look back over the year we can say: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

*You will find it in the rogue's gallery.—Eds.





PRESIDENT—HOMER McMILLEN.

COLORS—Blue and Silver.

Whap a-doodle,
Whap a-doodle,
Who-Rah Hee;
Ninety-eight, Ninety-eight,
Old M C.

DURING the summer of eighteen hundred and ninety-three, when black winged death was robbing our country of many of its greatest and noblest men and women, a call seemed to pass throughout this great country, beseeching its brightest youths and maidens to enter the walls of Monmouth College and to prepare themselves for the great places awaiting them. The same voice which called us to enter bade us beware of conceit, which had overtaken so many of the classes that had gone before us. For we were chosen ones for positions of high honor.

In writing this history our modesty forbids the singing of our own praises, but, to fill our positions as historians, we are compelled to recount the achievements which we have already accomplished, in the perusal of which you cannot but note them as indices of bright and glorious achievements to come; and coming classes would do well to follow in our wake.

When we first entered school, the Freshmen, who, in some way or other had taken it in to their somewhat distended crania that they could play foot-ball, asked us in a boastful way, if we thought that we could scrape up a team that could give them a little practice. We said that we could, and on that memorable October 9th, 1893, when the sun was sinking beneath the western horizon, eleven brave and stalwart Preps who dared to risk life and limb to uphold '93's honor met the trembling Freshmen on the field of battle. The sun had set, and all stood in breathless expectancy, when with a mighty yell the Preps rushed against the boastful Freshmen, then a short struggle ensued and the Preps were twenty-five yards nearer their goal, *Mirabile dictu!* For one hour the battle raged—but space will not permit us to dwell longer upon these scenes.

Six months passed by and once more the Freshies got up enough courage to challenge us to play them a game of base ball. Ah! little did they realize to what depths of humility this game would bring them. We could have shut them out but we thought it would be too bad to do that, when they were so confident that they could swipe us.

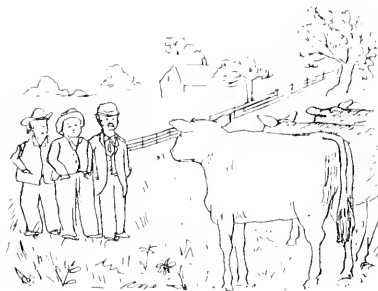
We wonder what the Fresh girls did with those horns? If you prize your life do not say twelve to three to a Freshman. Who beat the Sophs? PREPS! Who won the pennant? PREPS! The Freshman can talk all they please about their Washington's birth-day banquet, but the Preps beat them this year. We had our banquet on the morning of the twenty-second, and a swell affair it was too. As the jolly Preps, with their prancing steeds passed by, flowers were strewn by the way; sweet (?) faces appeared at the window, and many a blessing (?) was showered down upon us. Our timid girls were siezed with terror, but in the awful silence that followed, a voice was heard to say softly, "Who's hand do I hold?" This

shows the loyalty of the boys. Bye and bye we had arrived at the banqueting halls. Our menu was altogether too elaborate to be given here. Strange to say our hansom cabs had the front wheels where the front wheels belong. Our girls!—It is a pleasure to write about girls in general, but who can know the joy we feel when the privilege of writing about the Prep. girls is given us—the acknowledged pride and joy of Monmouth College. Who would urge us on to victory on the athletic field? Who would inspire us in the class room? Who would fill our class-prayer meeting room? The upper class-men look admiringly upon them and often crowd themselves into our ranks. Ask a Soph. with what sweet maiden—in order to escape the unwelcome rays of silvery Luna—he sought the friendly shadow of a spreading crab-apple tree.

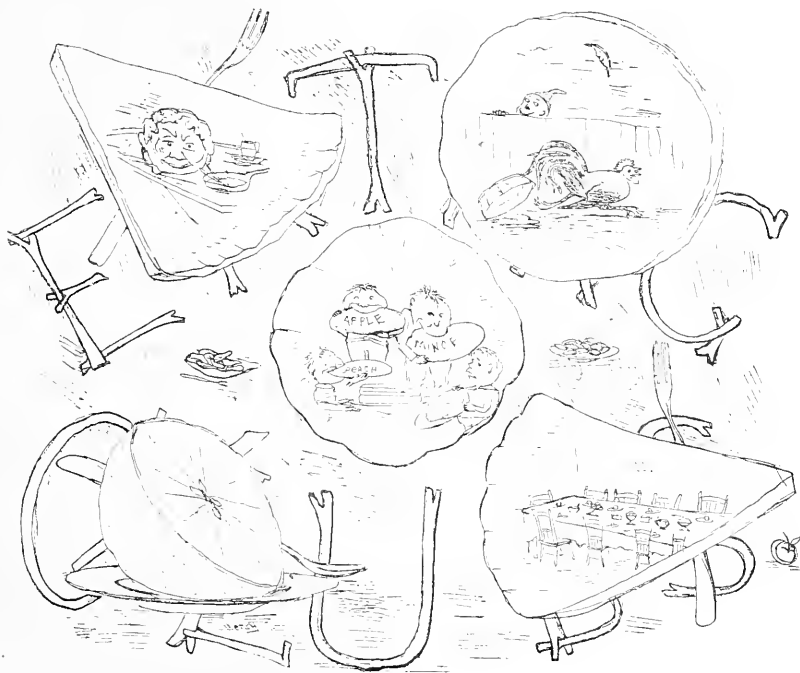
The Professors all testify that the '98s are mysteries to them, for they carry off the nines by the score, and even talk of skipping the Sophomore year. They are known always to "push things vigorously." They even dread wasting nine long months on the Freshman year when they can easily ride through that. Of course "we have to pay for our mathematics." Yes, we can skip three days in the week, and yet our cards show '98.

Doctors, lawyers, ministers, senators, yea even presidents, will be found among our boys. They have high aspirations and are ever pushing onward, and will at last reach the goal crowned with honors that will reflect glory on old Monmouth College.


Could we but consult the oracles of ancient Greece, would we not hasten with costly gifts, entreating them to unroll the scroll of time containing the deeds of the misty future. But this power is not given us, and we must patiently abide our time.*



*The Doctors inform us that with careful treatment the historian will recover,—Eds.



Historical Sketch.



PRIOR to the year 1878, the Monmouth College student boarded in private families, surrounded by all the comforts and influences of the home. But about that time, an association of College boys rented the old college building in the north part of town, which was used as a sort of dormitory, where the members both roomed and took their meals. A lady was engaged to cook and to take charge of the apartments.

It is understood that the "Barracks" as the new arrangement was called, was conducted on a purely economical basis, and as such produced such fare as would have delighted the heart of some old Spartan warrior, could he by any chance have partaken of their frugal repast.

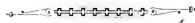
At last it grew into disfavor. When even tea and coffee were regarded as luxuries too expensive for a student's finance, it is not to be wondered at that a trial of two or three days usually settled the "Barrax" for a new student. It was at the height of its popularity in 1882 when thirty young gentlemen called it "Home" and were subject to its severe laws and penalties. From this time its popularity declined, and in 1884 the number dwindled to such small proportions that it was not a paying institution, and in that year the doors were closed. Its influence however, was lasting. The boarding club of to-day is the result of the old "Barrax".

At first they were composed solely of gentlemen, but in '86 a club was formed in which both ladies and gentlemen were found. It was called the "Dove's Nest," and such it doubtless proved to be for after that time we had very few clubs whose members were composed exclusively of the sterner, rougher half of mankind. It is found that the presence of ladies has a softening, soothing and refining influence on the other element, and that both are benefited by the combination.

Students still board in private families, possibly not quite so cheaply, but probably with more comfort than those whose affiliations have been cast with some club. Be that as it may, the students' club is the popular means for satisfying gastronomic wants, and will probably remain so for years to come.

It is sometimes thought that the boarding club has deviated from its original excuse for existence—that of economy. At any rate the sharp rivalry between the different clubs does not always take the form of a base ball game, and in each club's earnest effort to outdo every other one, the amount of the steward's bill is apt to be taken into consideration. To this explanation may be added another. The editor of this department wishes to preface the individual account of the clubs with the announcement that each club was written up by one of its own members. Should any seeming extravagance occur in the following pages, they must be taken with the mental reflection that the unbiassed desire of each writer was to convince the public that his club is the best in town, and that even an exaggerated statement might be pardonable in such a commendable endeavor.

Sanspareil.



ALTHOUGH organized since Nov. 1st, 1893, this club has won a leading position among the clubs of the College. Not alone on account of its sumptuous menu has it won renown, but because of its personnel and its prowess in athletics. During the foot-ball season it was the ardent supporter of that manly game, five of its members playing in the college team. Early in March a would-be rival club sent a challenge to meet them on the diamond in mortal combat. The rest of the story will ever remain a part of the College history. How, with less than twelve hours notice, a nine was organized, that, without practice, met the well-trained team of the challengers in a never-to-be-forgotten contest. How the Eurekaits, flushed with the hope of easy victory, cheered themselves to the echo before the game, but, at its close, stole home in silence and disgrace. Score, 14 to 3.

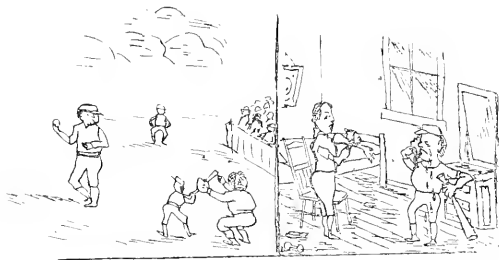
To further humble their fallen adversaries, a challenge was sent to meet a second nine. Compelled to accept this humiliating challenge, although winning through doubtful decisions, their proud spirits were broken by the jeers and taunts of the spectators, and this victory was worse than the former defeat.

Of the intellectual ability of its members, the fact that Ecritean society will be represented in the Philo-Ecritean contest by four of their number, is sufficient proof. In the social life and the Christian work of the College they have also been prominent.

MISTRESS, - - - - - MRS. H. C. GATES,

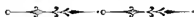
Roll—E. M. Clingan,	S. W. McKelvey,	W. R. Gladstone,	J. W. Clendenin,
Howard McCleary	J. A. McGaughy,	T. C. McCracken,	W. W. Woodburn,
J. E. Campbell,	A. J. McCracken,	F. K. Collins,	R. W. Burnside,
R. H. McCrackin,	J. C. Hamilton,	George Beveridge,	J. R. Paisley,
J. S. McCrackin,	W. M. Lorimer,	R. W. Thompson,	W. S. Wallace,

John Downie

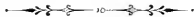


"The Eureka Base Ball Players."

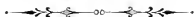
The Students' Home.



MRS. HUNTER, - - - MISTRESS.



For (Clubs) may come and (clubs) may go,
But I go on forever."



THIS is true of dear old Hunter's Point. Other dynasties have risen and fallen, but through all the years the "Old Reliable" keeps on the even tenor of its ways, with the best cook and the best viands in town. Here are found all the substantial that a hungry student craves, and all the dainties and delicacies to coax and tempt and conquer the most languid and perverse appetite. Little need be said where so much is known of the elegant dining room, the dainty table-service and the open parlors, all of which contribute to make it worthy the name it has so long borne, "*The Students' Home*," and as students we should stand by the old reliable.

"The friends thou hast, and their adaption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

STUDENTS:—

Ed. Findley,	Harry Findley,	Bert Miller,	W. P. Cooley,
P. B. Logan,	Jennie Harper,	Lydia Brooks,	Mary Howison,
Maggie McCleary,	Maud Wells,	Hester McGaughey,	

FACULTY:—

Prof. and Mrs. Zartman,	Prof. and Mrs. Maxwell,	Miss Calvin.
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The Casino.



214 North Third Street. \$8:00 per Week.



MRS DR. HOLLINGSWORTH, CATERESS.



MEMBERS:—C. T. Schenck,
W. T. Longear,

W. J. Pinkerton,
A. G. Stewart,

Fred McMillan,
Homer McMillan.

WE are few and our fortunes have fluctuated somewhat, but we stand for a principal, and having taken a stand we are as stubborn as Thomas Dixon's mule. We hold that a down-town location, with its privileges of ready access to the P. O., Y. M. C. A., Library, Meat-market, Etc., tends to advance the well-being of the student.

Last year North Third Street had a fair proportion of students. This year, blind to their own interests, they have sought the east-most parts of the city, but we still hold the fort. We enjoy single blessedness, and are much given to hospitality. The latch-string is always out.

The Wilson House.

MRS. M. A. WILSON.

THIS is not a club. While we have all of its advantages, we have none of its defects; and while our bill is probably higher than that of the average club, it is uniform, and allowance can be made for a definite amount in one's financial economy. It is no disparagement of the culinary abilities of other ladies in town, to say that our Mrs. Wilson is unsurpassed in that line, and, indeed, at least two or three of her boarders show it in their faces and forms. With our band of students are associated representatives of several professions, and the combination has proven a happy one.

It is enough to say that we have more fun, have better things to eat, and develop a higher intellectuality by mental contact with one another, than at any club in the city. If you doubt this you are at liberty to apply to any one of our members, who will esteem it a great pleasure to expatiate on the subject until you have been convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The Students are:—

Irma Jewel,

Anna Spence,

* Annie Bennison,

G. F. Niblock,

J. W. Findley,

Albert Henry,

Howard Spence,

F. W. Schmunk,

W. H. Bratton,

Nettie Bennison,

Stella Roney,

The Cottage Club.



"Loveliest of lovely things are they
On earth, that soonest pass away."



WHY should not these lines apply to a club formed in the sunny September days? It budded, grew and flourished, but the frosts of winter nipped it, and it was no more. At the pleasant home of Mrs. Boynton, on East Second Avenue, at the beginning of the fall term, the Cottage Club held its first meeting, organizing with J. W. Clendennin as Stewart. For a term the club held its tri-daily meetings around the festive board. Although there were in the club representatives of three political parties, and sympathizers with each of the literary societies of the College, there was never the least dispute. Each one proceeded in the even tenor of his way, molesting no one.

As the club was located rather on the outskirts of the student community, it was thought best by the members to scatter to places more convenient to their respective rooms before the beginning of the winter term. So, after a happy existence of a term, the Cottage Club shuffled off the mortal coil and went to holding stars.

Eureka Club.



No. 317 South Eighth Street,



YELL!—Rah! Rah! Rah!
Caw! Caw! Caw!
Eureka! Eureka!

MISTRESS: - - - MRS. S. E. PORTER,



Florence Jones,	Lorena Miller,	Lillian Ferguson,	Leta Glenn,
Alice Samson,	Bessie Liggett,	Anna Hall,	Martha Wilson,
Mary Phelps,	Robert Murphy,	W. H. Campbell,	Duncan M. Moore.
H. M. Cook,	S. W. Livingston,	W. E. Carson,	A. A. Samson,
W. E. Currie,	Frank Campbell,	J. M. Cathcart,	Roy Brownlee,
Will Beal,	Ralph Beal,	F. W. Skinner,	E. E. Jones,
J. T. Miller,	J. V. Black,	H. B. Speer,	R. J. Speer,
	John Ferguson,	E. S. McClelland.	

The place to eat, is South Eighth Street,
At the club Eureka called;
'Tis there we meet and joke and greet,
And *sometimes* play base ball.

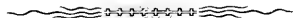
Our number, as you all will see,
Is rather somewhat large;
This is because we all live well
And pay but little charge.

Our bill of fare is always rare
And varied all the while;
And everything is cooked in shape,
And dished out just in style.

To enumerate all that we eat,
Is more than we are able;
But remember this if nothing else,
We set an inviting table.

Next fall, when you come back to school,
All sunburned, fresh and green,
Just take a shoot down South Eighth Street,
To three hundred and seventeen.

The Bijou Club.



MOTTO:	{	Apple, Peach and Mince Pie, Coffee, Tea, and Half Fry: Wiener Wurst and Spring Hen. Always, always after ten.	}	MEMBERS:
				All the good boys of M. C.



JUST when this Club was organized is a question which as yet remains to be solved—in all probability, however, it was in the early history of Monmouth College—and as each new year causes many changes, both in the officers and members of societies, no less true is it of eating clubs. Owing to the unsurpassed popularity of this club during the past year, it becomes necessary that a few words be said concerning the same. Students of Monmouth College who earnestly desire to be free of a *flunk* find themselves burning the midnight oil, and busying their brain over some Greek or Latin sentence, and reasoning with all their power on some mathematical problem—though the head may be full, an empty feeling elsewhere is discovered which must be filled. So, touched with the awful pangs of hunger, regardless of all difficulties, a trip to the *Bijou Lunch, hot coffee, open at all hours*, is made.

Hot, cold, wet or dry, it matters not, the trip is made, the orders given, and the work of satisfying the awful hunger of a good student is begun. To say what the bill of fare is for each would be among the impossibilities. For while some are satisfied with that which would supply the ordinary man, others only stop when *time* is called. Having satisfied this desire, a greater craving than this first mentioned is felt, and oftentimes is *brought to light*. The fortune wheel is tried; once, twice, five times, ten times; a nickel in the slot; alas, nothing that can be lighted; but better still, the fortune reads, "You will be in love soon." R. H. Mincepie then calls the roll; Sec. Jimmie Short-Stop Sandwich checks them off; Joe C. Ham and-Eggs pays the bills; W. Howard Bread-and-Milk consoles the police; while Ralph Give-Me-Some-More-Pie leads the way home. Best records were made by the following—no prizes given:

Peanuts.....	John D. W-n - -	Hot Wiener Wurst.....	H. H. H-g-y
Boiled Eggs ...	S. W. McK-ly -	Cold Chicken.....	Frank J. S - l
Blueberry Pie ..	Geo. N-bl-ck	Working Fortune Wheel.....	D. M. St - rt
Sandwiches.....	E. M. Cl-ng n	Oyster Fries.....	F. W. Schm- nk

The "Alumni" Département.



WE have no apology to offer in connection with the department of "Reminiscences." On the contrary we deem it an honor to be so favored with personal sketches from a few representatives of Monmouth College's illustrious Alumni, and our fondest hopes will only be realized to their fullest extent, when we read in future "Annals" words from the pens of many other Monmouth graduates.

The department is somewhat of a stranger to our College Annual but we trust and believe that it has "come to stay" and that it will increase in size, that with each issue the *number* of our Alumni may have a fair representation.

This year the number of "Reminiscences" is smaller because of lack of time to send as many requests as were necessary, and they are also fewer on account of a number of refusals which we received with very sorrowful hearts. We trust, however, that we may hear from these again sometime.

None of our representatives need introductions to the Alumni, students and friends of Monmouth College and hence their "Reminiscences" are of interest to all. We wish to thank those who have so kindly responded to our request for a "Reminiscence" of their College days, and also for their manifested interest in the success of the Alumni Department of the Annual of 94.

Class of 1860.

THE political campaign of 1858 in Illinois was pre-eminently a campaign of debate. Douglas and Lincoln, Ingersoll and Kellogg, Lovejoy and Carpenter, not to mention many lesser lights, had aroused public interest and excitement until "joint debates" became the order of the day.

The College students shared in the general excitement. Society halls and Chapel rang with the notes of the "irrepressible conflict." The students were almost unanimously and quite vehemently republican. Not more than two or three of all the number were rash enough to uphold the cause of Douglas and "Popular Sovereignty." They had a hard row to hoe.

But above all their differences was the desire for fun, and the boys in the College classes resolved to have a joint debate, with all the attendant "frills." It could not be held in town. We were all well known, and President Wallace was too near by. Little York, a town in the northwestern part of Warren county, was selected as the theater of operations. It was thought that we could issue stunning announcements, get the people together, and have fun with the crowd. But it was said that the entire township in which Little York was located contained but *one* Democrat, so Democrats had to be manufactured for the occasion. It was finally agreed that half the students who were let into the scheme should shout and sing for Douglas and march in the "Douglas phalanx." The printing presses of the "United Presbyterian of the West," which was then published at Monmouth, were run during the "wee sma' hours," while Prof. Morrison, its publisher, was sound asleep, to print full sheet posters (on U. P. paper) which announced that "The Hon. Daniel Harris and the Hon. R. W. McClaghry" would discuss, jointly, the political issues of the day at Little York on the evening of October 22, 1858; that glee clubs would be in attendance, also marching clubs from the cities—all by order of the Central Committees, etc.

We had hard work to get the posters circulated in time to thoroughly inform the people of the north west part of the county, and at the same time prevent the news of the proposed meeting from getting back to Monmouth and reaching the ears of Dr. Wallace. But Crawford and Porter managed it by making "forced marches," and when the day came no cloud appeared on the Doctor's brow to give us uneasiness. Wagons were procured and "parked" in the neighborhood of the old College, and at the proper time the start was safely made.

As we approached Little York, Patterson, Wilson, McClanahan, Brown, McDill, Crawford, Porter and others, whose names I cannot now recall, swallowing their ardent republicanism, joined with Norcross, Phelps and the

writer in making the welkin ring with shout and song for Douglas, while the Harris's, the Scroggs's, the Jamieson's, Blair, Diehl, Finley, Kendall, and others made the lanes vocal with cheers for "Honest Abe."

We found, apparently, the whole community assembled in the little town. We soon found out that it would not do to attempt to hoax that crowd. We were quietly but emphatically assured that the people had come out to hear a joint debate, and a joint debate they would have, or *somebody* would have trouble! This assurance was rather depressing to the "Hon."(?) debaters, who had not expected to figure so prominently, but there was no help for it. Mr. French Brownlee, a leading citizen, called the meeting to order and the young disputants to "time." It wasn't half so funny just then as it had been in anticipation, but the debaters did their best; their respective supporters put in the applause vociferously, tho' it must be confessed that the improvised Democrats were a little awkward about their part of it: the program was safely carried out, but I can assure you that the principal performers were mightily relieved when it came time for the glee clubs to take part.

The next day a committee came solemnly to town to inform President Wallace that the serious issues of the campaign had been treated with great levity the night before by a lot of his "constituents;" also that there was an alarming amount of political heresy in the College. But the Doctor, after investigation, enjoyed the joke as much as did any of the perpetrators.

It may be added that most of the participants in that evening's frolic took part, a few years later, in the settlement of the issues raised in that campaign by the stern arbitrament of war. Some of them sleep in bloody graves. But all of them stood for the cause that Monmouth College represented, and she counts them all among her faithful sons.

R. W. McCLATGHRY.

Class of 1864.

IN the earliest dawn of the College day at Monmouth—about 1855—when Prof. Brown came on to reinforce W. B. Jenks in the work of the school in the basement of the old Presbyterian church, with instruction in Latin, a few of the boys began to see what college work meant, and what a college in Monmouth might offer to those who had a desire for higher education. I well remember how my curiosity, as a little fellow, would run away with my thoughts as I listened to the strange tongue and unfamiliar phrases of the Latin grammar, while the big boys rattled off declensions and conjugations, till I would be called back to my own lesson by the whirling slipper of the teacher, who rarely missed his aim, nor failed to require the boy at whom it was thrown to bring it up to him. As time went on, there was more classical instruction in the old basement school, and soon the idea grew that Monmouth was to have a college, with David A. Wallace, President, and Alexander Young, Marion Morrison and J. C. Hutchison, Professors. They formed a strong faculty, and the foundations then laid remain to this day, and the instruction they gave is to many of us everlasting.

As a pupil of the "Old Jenks School," I can but feel that it was the introduction to the College, for many Monmouth boys, at least. True, Ran Webster, Bell Randall, Jim Baldwin, George Norcross, Jim Clark, Fred Armsby and Dell Hardin did not all get into college, but some of them did, and all felt the quickening influence of a higher educational life. The new era in Monmouth dawned in 1857, about the time that 12 cents a bushel for corn, 50 cents for wheat, 10 per cent interest, and the great financial crisis broke the country up.

In 1860 Dr. Wallace taught rhetoric; Prof. Morrison, mathematics; Dr. Young, Greek; and Prof. Hutchison, Latin.

The old college building—long since given over to lye and soap grease—was then thought good enough for anybody, and many students came from New York and Pennsylvania to attend its halls. The chapel was commodious, and the Philadelphian and Eceritean Literary societies had each well furnished halls, and very good libraries. I well remember that Friday night (society night) when the mysterious fire broke out behind the bookcase in the Philo hall, nearly destroying their valuable library, and giving the entire college a very close call.

Thomas Blaikie, of Boston, gave the first considerable impetus to athletics in the College. By his manly, energetic push and vim, he had a good out-of-doors gymnasium in operation about 1861. Tom was the College janitor, and was up to all the tricks and jokes of the day, so that the faculty required no extra police on the grounds while Tom was there. The disturbing influences of the stormy days of '61 and '62 were felt by all the students—in fact, it was hard to be a student in those days, when the vitality of all republican institutions was so severely tested. The tone of discussion and debate often ran high, and conversation, as well as the meetings of the literary societies, took on the color of the dark cloud on the southern horizon. Southern sympathizers were common among the students, and their disputes with the loyal fellows were often hot and sharp. The literary societies of the College—the Philadelphian and the Eceritean—were large and popular during that period

and were alive with the most stirring orators and the most eloquent and logical debaters. John Brown, W. A. Wray, D. M. Gelvin, McLaughry, George Norcross, D. P. Phelps, Al. Ewing, J. F. Morton, J. H. Montgomery, Tom Stephenson, A. T. McGill, John Green, Samuel Belleville, Clarke Kendall, Richard Turnbull, T. C. Kirkwood and B. F. Pinkerton were the giants in debate.

One of the most solemn scenes ever witnessed within the halls of the old college building was the day in which the body of Clarke Kendall—our first martyr in the cause of liberty from Monmouth College—was brought home for Christian burial. His body was carried into the chapel, and at the funeral oration by Dr. Wallace, few eyes were left dry, when all hearts were stirred to their profoundest depths, by this our first sad victim of bloody war. Other similar scenes followed during the long war, when College boys were brought home, dead, but none was felt like this first one.

The College dignitaries, followed by the students, marched from the old college and took possession of the new college halls May 12th, 1863, and none who were in that noted procession will ever forget the hilarity and elation with which the new building was occupied. There was so much interest taken in the literary societies, that I have been led to question whether the Greek-letter fraternities of this day have anything to offer which is at all equal to the discipline of the old society rostrum.

Dr. David A. Wallace was the pride of the College and the idol of the students. He was honest, faithful and just in all his requirements, and possessed the unlimited confidence and esteem of all the students as a College President rarely does. I can think of but one instance in which the temper of the good Doctor was visibly ruffled, and that was at the close of a hard day's work in the recitation room, at 4 P. M., when the Doctor, coming out of the College to untie his horse and start for Sugar Tree Grove to fill a preaching engagement, found that horse and sleigh were gone off, without leave or license, under the guidance of a young Sophomore with a load of two Junior girls, and at that very moment, and for a good many more, they were gliding around town, with the merry load entirely oblivious of the fact that it was getting dark, and that the Doctor had eight miles to go before reaching the place of his appointment. For a full half hour the good Doctor paced the elevated stile, speechless with vexation and annoyance, and when at last the old bay horse, hot and panting from his lively exercise, came in sight, you may well believe the Soph. needed all the nerve he had to face the irate Doctor and get what he so well deserved. He was told that better things had been expected of him, and that his reward would be hereafter.

Prof. Webber, the venerable instructor in French and German, was a rare specimen of the old German University Professor not often seen in America. His large white eyes—always open in prayer—wrinkled face, white hair, large nose, crooked finger, long pipe and jolly good humor can never be forgotten; nor can his inimitable German pronunciation ever fade from memory. He was a gentleman and a scholar of the olden type, of whom we were not worthy.

J. W. S.

Class of 1868.



How the Society Halls were Chosen.



IN 1863, when the new College building was completed, two halls had been provided for the use of the gentleman societies, those that they now occupy. The college authorities declined to assign to the societies their respective halls. Both were determined upon securing the upper hall. It was thought to be the preferable one, because it was upon the third floor, and in the lower hall were two iron posts that was supposed would detract from its appearance. It was difficult to decide this vexed question. Each was determined. They finally decided to sell the halls at auction, the bidding was to decide how much each society would pay the other for the choice of halls. Prof. Wilson was selected as the auctioneer. The Eeeritean society had been weakened at the beginning of the year by many of her members going into the army. She instructed her committee to bid as high as thirty-five dollars. The representatives from each society met with the auctioneer in the upper hall, and the auction began. The bidding was spirited—ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five dollars—then bids began to be more careful. The limit of the Eeeriteans was soon reached, and the main object with them now was to get all they could from the other society. They proceeded cautiously, until, I think, the amount of sixty-five dollars was reached, and being afraid to go higher, the Philos were allowed to take the choice. The money was paid over in due time, and was used by the Eeeriteans in furnishing their hall. Thus the vexed question was settled to the satisfaction of both parties, particularly to the Eeeriteans.

REV. H. F. WALLACE, D. D.,
Portland, Ore.

Class of 1872.

IN the hurry of our Commencement, my thoughts go back to dear old Monmouth, long enough to gather up two reminiscences.

We had a bright young fellow who was somewhat successful in declamation, and who was so universal a favorite that many College places came to him. He was somewhat dressy, and withal a little ambitious, and a little lazy. Contest elections were coming on, and one day he said confidentially to his friend, "I tell you what, Jones, I would like to be debater from our society. Now, you know I have a good voice, and good gestures, and my new coat fits me, and all I lack is the ideas. You could furnish them!" He was not elected, perhaps on account of that fact. I have seen a good many people of the same sort since that time, but up to that date he was the great original.

A class in the seventies had a member who has since been heard by great multitudes of people with delight. He talks with the fluency of a full banked stream and sometimes storms like a tornado. But he had to learn how. He went at it from the beginning. One Friday afternoon he went out to the woods near which Dr. Wallace then lived, and dived into the depths to find a quiet spot for the cultivation of his speech to be delivered that evening.

It so chanced that the College poet had gone to the same place to court his muse and was quietly and romantically esconced behind a log when he heard in startling tones: "Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: I am sorry to say that I am suddenly and unexpectedly called upon to speak on this subject, and am not very well prepared this evening." Whispering to his muse to keep still, the poet peeked out from his lair and saw the tall orator holding his manuscript on which the extempore speech was carefully written. Thus early he was learning the tricks of his trade. But the poet could not keep his delicious secret and as soon as the offhand debate was in shape, he sneaked out and had the story all over College by the time his victim arose that evening, "suddenly and unexpectedly and not very well prepared," and who was doubtless somewhat amazed at the volume of applause which greeted his opening period.

JAMES A. GRIER,
Allegheny, Pa.

Class of 1886.

YOU ask for a "reminiscence." Well, of all the pleasant or ludicrous things it is hard to select one. However, as the bald-headed men usually get it, let us take a fat man. During the years of '82-'83 there were a number of boys in College over whom I had little control in the way of reformation; consequently some things occurred that older people would brand as "mischief." This jolly lot of boys had no recitation during the third hour of each day, and thus were much together. To quiet and amuse them I often had them go into Dr. McMichael's recitation room, which was unused at that hour. Still, the boys would have "their joke," so that fun and boyish enjoyment held high carnival. On a certain day, late in the winter term, one of the boys found a large tack, whitened with age, of the carpet family. Placing the tack, head downward, on the Doctor's chair, this thoughtful boy soliloquized: "My, wouldn't it raise him!" Being somewhat absent-minded and having his attention called to something else he neglected to remove the tack. Soon the shaking of the building indicated that the Doctor was coming. In the rush for the back seats the Professor's presence was scarcely noticed. Wreathed in smiles he called the class to order, and with a coat flap in either hand sat down. The expression of face we will not attempt to describe. Surprise and chagrin on his face—just plain grins on the faces of the boys. Some one has said that large bodies move slowly and with little noise. This certainly was an exception. This rear at-tack was too much for the patience of even a good-natured College President. He arose quickly, though his actions could scarcely be called graceful. The sequel was a Faculty meeting, at which it was decided that each of these boys should report to some recitation room for roll-call during that vacant hour. I had a very pleasant time in the Greek room, where I wasn't afraid of being called on to recite.

J. M. ACHESON.

Class of 1889.



YES, we were badly frightened that time.

You see, it was one Hallowe'en night, and some of us, as guests of Mattie Reid and Mary R. McMillan, were having funny times over the games and charms peculiar to that evening, when we were attracted by strange noises outside.

Looking out, we saw a curiously attired group, who looked very fantastic in their masks, and who, after serenading us, marched in solemn file toward Prof. Graham's.

We thought we recognized the voices as belonging to Mrs. Hunter's Club, and it occurred to us to secrete ourselves under the "high bridge" and scare them "good" on their return.

This we did, putting ourselves in as small space as possible. The night was dark. We waited such a long time. It seemed a long time to keep so still.

Finally we heard the measured tread of feet. We waited till they were directly over us, and then some piercing feminine shrieks of various keys and sizes rent the air.

The effect was instantaneous. Not a sound above, nor a move.

The suspense became intolerable.

All at once Lucy's shawl was slowly dragged up, and then Rose had her hair pulled.

A brief, whispered consultation—a sudden dash up the campus, our pursuers at our heels—a sharp bringing-up at Mr. Wallace's, where we held another council of war with Bess, after frightening her out of a year's growth,—and then how we scurried back to the friendly shelter of Prof. R.'s, with those dark figures following at what hardly seemed a respectful distance!

Next day, in the halls we were relating the thrilling tale to one of the boys. A strange light stole over his face, and there was the glimmer of a faint smile. The truth flashed on us! It was only those "horrid boys!"

BESSIE V. REYNOLDS.

Class of 1893.

It had been the Babe's birthday, and the Soph., the Strong Man and the Other Fellow were returning with him from a little diversion at the Babe's expense. The night was cloudy and moonless—the wind moaned through the roadside hedges, and occasionally a spectral gust came rushing through the dark woods with a wild, hysterical laugh.

“That night a child might understand,
The De'il had business on his hand.”

“Years ago, along this road,” said the Other Fellow. “the Girl in White used to halt belated travelers. I'm afraid we shall see her to-night, and ghosts are murderous things to meet.”

“Yes,” replied the Soph., “Scotch spirits killed Bobby Burns.”

“Shish! no joking,” said the Strong Man. “the Babe, you know, had an awful experience one night in the hollow away out on East First Avenue. Three moaning, headless spectres pursued him with a red-hot trident, bags of sulphur, and eyes as brilliant as ‘Annex’ editorials—pursued him even to the middle of the bridge, and snatched the tail from his overcoat.”

“Ah! ha!” exclaimed the Other Fellow. “I never knew before what made that overcoat so ghastly white and so short in the back.”

The Babe muttered something about “getting even with them — — ghosts yet,” at which the Soph. cleared his throat contemptuously, while the Strong Man and the Other Fellow pulled lovingly at their black Perfectos, and agreed if Hobgoblins were met that night the Babe would probably lose another strip from the rear of his coat.

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The carriage approached the long hill east of Monmouth, where the road winds down through the woods and crosses a little stream. The Strong Man and the Babe were driving, while the Other Fellow strained his ingenuities to prevent them turning and counting the occupants of the back cushions. Supernatural sounds were in the air, and once the long weeds at the roadside crackled as if some wild animal were keeping pace with the carriage.

Suddenly the horses snorted and reared and—horror of horrors! there, not ten steps away, in the middle of the road crouched the Girl in White. The Strong Man screamed, the Other Fellow fainted, but the Babe, clutching the tails of his overcoat in one hand and a carriage whip in the other, made for that ghost.

Then, O! Pluto! Fates!! and the Furies!!! how ghostly howls and human anathemas mingled with the quick snap, snap of that whalebone whip. Over and over rolled the Ghost and the Babe; deeper and deeper into the mire they wallowed; mud to the eyes, mud to the ears, and mud in their mouths, till the hot glowing epithets could escape their lips no longer.

After a while, the Strong Man and the Other Fellow came up and pulled the Babe, the Soph. and a sadly discolored carriage robe out of the ditch.

RALPH PRINGLE.



Contests.



IN Monmouth College the development of oratory and the general power of public speaking is largely, in a directive capacity at least, in the hands of the student. Formerly there were what were known as Junior and Sophomore exhibitions. These were held under the direct supervision of the Faculty, and came annually. But it seems that the student body of the old time were not just what they might have been, not strictly commendable in all things. They got out bogus programs, filled the gas-pipes of the College with water; in fact, a Sophomore exhibition could call out all the latent meanness in the whole student body.

The Faculty had a theory to the effect that if the student were given the initiative in developing the talent of public speaking, the increased sense of responsibility would do away with so much foolishness. They saw that the several societies maintained their contests, declamatory and oratorical. If sufficient attention were paid to these, the time of the student would be fully occupied. In test of this theory, oratorical exhibitions were done away with. To this fact is due the importance of our oratorical contests, all held under the direct supervision of the students.

That the change was highly satisfactory to both students and faculty, there can be no doubt as to whether it was for the best interests of all concerned. There are, of course, arguments on both sides. True, *all* do not get the training, as was afforded under the old system. But it is well, we think, that this exercise be elective somewhat, and certainly all who desire can have ample opportunity to display their talents. Besides, the spirit of friendly rivalry between societies, incites the respective members to do their utmost to make up a contest that shall compare favorably with the opposition. Philo declamation is compared with Ecritean declamation contest. The Ecritean-McKelvey Oratorical contest is compared with the Philo-Elliott-Cleland Oratorical contest. Aletheorian Declamation contest is compared with A. B. L. Declamation contest. Philo representatives on Preliminary are compared with Ecritean representatives. So effective is this rivalry in point of bringing out a full representation of students in contests, that we think the new system cannot be far behind the old in this regard.

Too often does it happen that the decisions are unfortunate and highly unsatisfactory. But neither does this fact inveigh against contests. The mere fact of gaining or losing a decision is not the criterion of the contestant's success. If he has done well, done himself justice, he will generally discover the fact in an appreciative audience, some hypercritical judge to the contrary notwithstanding. It is certainly well for the student to place little dependence upon the judges' decision in determining his ability as an orator, and when he goes into a contest he ought to be fully aware of the fallibility of the human judgment. Generally, however, decisions during the past year have been satisfactory.



R. W. THOMPSON.



WILLIAM M. LORIMER.

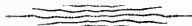


EDWIN M. CLINGAN



J. W. GLENDENIN

Victory at the Inter-Collegiate.



INTER-COLLEGIATE Contest for '93 was full of interest for Monmouth students. Some pretended to see a favorable significance in the fact that it was to be held at Galesburg. "Monmouth has always stood up well in a contest at Galesburg." But the chief source of interest was in the fact that we had a "contest man" to send up, one who had always made it a matter of business to take all contests which he had occasion to enter.

Inter-Collegiate of '93 occurred on the 6th of October, at Galesburg. A large delegation accompanied our orator. The advance guard went up early Thursday morning. The various athletic events demanded their attention for the first day. On Friday came the remainder with the girls and a fair majority of the faculty. It was an enthusiastic crowd and we did feel as though we had gone up to win. Union Hotel was made the rendezvous and the time passed pleasantly until the appointed hour for the Contest which was to be held in Galesburg's fine Auditorium.

Through the kindness and foresight of some one, the north section of the parquet and dress circle were reserved for the Monmouth delegation. The middle section was held by the Knox students. Other delegations being small were seated in various parts of the house.

It is a mortifying statement, but it is claimed that every Monmouth student, so far forgot his accustomed gallantry, as not to take a girl to the Contest. There may have been some good reason for this, but it is hard to put a plausible face upon the matter. Of course the girls did not care personally, but the appearances of things were mortifying.

The following taken from the ANNEX for October 10th, will give a truthful idea of the program in detail :

"The first orator of the evening, A. P. Bourns, of Lake Forest University, was then introduced. His theme was: 'Henry W. Grady and His Negro Policy.'" Mr. Bourns' style of treating his subject was more that of an argumentative essay than of an oration. His frequent use of the expression, 'he said,' was rather monotonous. Although his movement upon the stage was easy, it seemed to savor of affectation. He used good variety of expression and was well applauded by the audience, though he was not backed, as were some other orators, by a large and enthusiastic delegation. He was awarded second money, \$50. The audience, however, seemed much divided in its opinion as to what orator should have had second place.

"Our home orator, C. F. Wishart, was the next man to the front. We had entertained great expectations in the direction of our orator, and we were not disappointed. He talked about "The Policy of Richelieu." In grandeur of thought and style of composition, Mr. Wishart's oration as such was not equaled by any performance of the evening. Though we do not claim gracefulness for him in delivery, we do claim that which is better, force and magnetism, which go to convict one of a

man who has something to say and knows how to say it. Mr. Wishart was as the sturdy oak of the forest, or the majestic mountain peak, towering above its surroundings. His applause was 'prolonged and loud.' The judges, as well as audience, voted him the first prize of \$75. Mr. Wishart will creditably represent the state in oratory at Indianapolis next May.

"The third speaker was W. W. Whitmore, of Wesleyan University. His oration was entitled, "American Arena." He seemed rather timid and embarrassed. Lack of good strong voice and energy in delivery was a great drawback to the general effect of Mr. Whitmore's production. The piece was written more in essay than oratorical style. The theme was perhaps not so interesting as some others, though it was the vital question of to-day. His delivery was somewhat marred by a relapse of memory. This was perhaps due to stage fright. His introduction was one of the best. The judges awarded him sixth place.

"G. F. Ekins, of Knox, was the fourth orator of the evening. His subject, 'A Plea for Organized Charities,' was a worthy one. His sentiment was one to which none took exception. The speaker seemed to have honest convictions in all he said. His style of delivery was at first too dramatic for an orator. He seemed to sacrifice force for artistic delivery. Reserve force is a good thing, but reserve it all and you lose convincing power. Mr. Ekins was perhaps the most graceful man of the evening. His manner of leaving the stage was especially easy. By some of the audience his rank was nearer first, but the judges fixed it at fourth.

"The Illinois orator, J. A. Barber, was next, and delivered his oration entitled: "The Master Spirit of the French Revolution." This master spirit was Gen. Mirabeau. Mr. Barber treated his subject in a very natural, forcible style. His delivery was very impassioned, the gestures being too quick and nervous. His earnestness if tempered with a little gracefulness, would make him an impressive speaker. A treacherous memory gave Mr. Barber a lower rank than perhaps he would otherwise have obtained. He ranked high on piece but low on delivery, receiving fifth place in final rank.

"The last speaker, J. A. Benson, of Blackburn University, had for his subject, 'Cheap Citizenship.' Mr. Benson has a large, mellow voice. His bearing was dignified and easy. He weighed every word, giving each its proper emphasis and inflection. Perhaps he carried deliberation to a fault, thus weakening his delivery somewhat. His oration was well received by the audience, many ranking him second. This is Mr. Benson's second effort on Inter-Collegiate contest. He received third place both times."

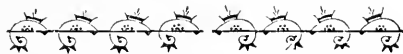
The judges on thought and composition were Dr. W. F. Black, Judge Collins and T. D. Cogle, all of Chicago. Those on delivery were Hon. Geo. P. Merrick, Chicago; Dr. Geo. Zellar, Peoria, and Hon. Chas. Valrait, Chicago. The combined markings of these six judges awarded the first prize at \$75 to Charles F. Wishart, of Monmouth College, and the second prize of \$50 to A. P. Bourns, of Lake Forest University.

While the audience was awaiting the decision of the judges, it seemed to be the prevailing opinion that first place lay with Mr. Wishart. As for the Monmouth delegation, they were sure of it as was evidenced by their bright faces.

There seemed to be an unwarrantable delay in figuring up the grades. As time wore on some of us began to work up a little temper lest an adverse decision be drawn up as a result of incompetent judging. Finally it came and with it an indescribable whirl of enthusiasm which endangered the roof. With difficulty did we keep our seats until the name of Wishart

left the chairman's lips. He made the mistake of announcing the award of first place before he did the second, and it was with difficulty this was made known. Fortunately a convenient side door lent aid to the impatient exit of the happy students, eager to get hands on the triumphant orator. They soon found him at the Union, and seating him on strong shoulders, they filed back past the Auditorium, which was emptying itself of its large audience. How strong and clear came the old College yell from many throats.

Many felt it their duty to keep the town awake for the rest of the night, if not by vocal noise, at least by all manner of wind and stringed instruments. But tired nature would assert herself, and besides we realized that we had a day's work before us in the Athletic Contests of the to-morrow. It seemed policy to go to bed. Enthusiasm did not end with the night however. Throughout the next day, as we scored this and that point in athletics and made a successful issue for 2nd place, as we proudly marched to the depot, made our noisy leave-taking, obtained the privileges of a car by ourselves where we spent the time telling the best jokes on one another, and everybody grew jubilant as we made our triumphal passage from the Monmouth depot to the College where our girls had prepared an elegant reception. It was one increasing tide of enthusiasm and let us hope that it was an enthusiasm which had in it a strong undercurrent of genuine loyalty—loyalty to our Faculty our President and to our Institution, loyalty to the best interests of Monmouth College.



Victory at Inter-State.

NOISE? Well, yes, there was a little more racket than is usual in the streets of Monmouth, at 1 o'clock in the morning. Those of the citizens who had forgotten that a Monmouth man was away that night trying his skill in oratory, wondered what had struck the town. But those who were posted on college doings, simply rubbed their eyes and muttered, "Well, those college students have broken loose again; reckon Wishart has won Inter-State!"

Yes, Wishart did win! No wonder his fellow students were jubilant. No wonder that the telegram from Indianapolis caused exuberant hilarity. No wonder if the boys forgot to sleep that night in their efforts to inform the good people of Monmouth that our College "has the best orator in ten states."

The honor won by Mr. Wishart is as great as a college student can attain. The Inter-State Association comprises the ten states—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado. Each of these states sends the orator who ranks first in the State contest. So these ten men represent about seventy of the best colleges in these states.

By the following clipping from an Ohio college paper, it is seen that Mr. Wishart won not only the approval of the judges but also of the audience. "That the Illinois man deserved the position given him is generally conceded. Mr. Wishart was a favorite with the audience from the very moment he stepped upon the stage, and the loud applause following the delivery of his oration was an evidence that the hearts of all his hearers had been deeply stirred. He appeared to be a natural orator. His earnest manner, easy gestures, and clear enunciation, combined to make his delivery at once inspiring and magnetic. In working up the several climaxes of his production, which gave it its decidedly oratorical character, he showed admirable judgment. His peroration was a strong plea for good citizenship."

Monmouth College has been greatly honored by her orator, and the hearty reception which he received on his arrival home showed that his effort was appreciated by all. The college trustees, faculty, students and citizens joined in doing him honor.



CHARLES FREDERICK WISHART.

Awarded First Prize in the Inter-State Oratorical Contest at Indianapolis May 10, 1894.

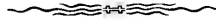
CHARLES F. WISHART was born in Ontario, Ohio, Sept. 3d, 1870. His father, the Rev. Dr. Wm. Wishart, now of this city, was for many years President of Franklin College in that state.

Charles entered the preparatory department of Mount Union College in the fall of '88, and very soon gave evidence of marked ability both in the class room and the literary society. This being recognized by his fellow students, he was often called upon to represent them in their frequent contests. Twice, however, he failed to win the laurels from his competitors. But having in him the stuff of which successful men are made, Centaur like, he gathered strength every time he touched the earth. Among his successful contests may be named: Philo-Oratorical, Inter-Collegiate, Prohibition at Decatur, Home Preliminary—in which he qualified to represent his college in the Inter-Collegiate Contest at Galesburg, Oct. 6th, 1893, and in which he qualified to represent the colleges of the State in the Inter-State Contest at Indianapolis, May 10th, 1894, when his last oratorical victory was achieved.

Mr. Wishart is not only a speaker, but a student and a scholar, ranking always among the very first of his class, and thus verifying the fact that it is the man who is built from the ground up who has in him the elements of success in a long sustained line of work. The voice alone, however rich in tone and cultured in expression, does not make the orator—there must be a man behind, or who has something to say.

In the face of what we are accustomed to call difficulties but which in reality are stepping-stones to success when overcome, Mr. Wishart reached his distinction. He was a poor boy and without the ready means to prosecute his college course; these, however, he secured in whole, or in part, at different times—by clerking in a book store, teaching students behind in their work, leading the church choir, and editing a prohibitory paper. Withal he is an active christian, and during the present year was president of the College Christian Union.

Society Contests.



PHILO, DECLAMATION CONTEST—FEB. 15.

"James G. Blaine,"	Geo. Wilson.
"The Roman Sentinel,"	A. G. Choate—first place.
"How Jamie Came Home,"	C. A. Wight.
"Shamus O'Brien,"	C. E. Quinn.
"Death of Paul Dombey,"	H. B. Speer.
"The Light from Over the Range,"	W. E. Currie.
"The New Recruit,"	H. M. Jamison—second place.
"My Pipe,"	E. S. McClelland.

ECCRITEAN DECLAMATION CONTEST—JAN. 16.

"The Pilot's Story,"	J. W. Findley—first place.
"William Tell,"	Ralph Graham—second place.
"The Cobra,"	T. C. McCracken.
"The Frountier's Story,"	Lew Wallace.
"Death of Benedict Arnold,"	Ralph Beal.

ECCRITEAN ESSAY CONTEST—

.....	Bert Miller—first place.
.....	W. R. Gladstone—second place.

PHILO ELLIOT-CLELAND ORATORICAL CONTEST—APRIL 13.

"American Cities,"	C. M. Glass.
"Hannibal and Carthage,"	D. M. Moore—first place.
"Liberty and Law,"	A. G. Choate—second place.



D. M. MOORE.



E. E. JONES.



JOHN L. GLASS.



CHAS. T. SCHENCK.

Preliminary Contest.

March 1st.

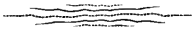


"The Warrior Reformer,".....	D. W. Hogue.
"William Lloyd Garrison,".....	W. E. Carson
"A Florentine Statesman and His Principle,".....	Rees L. Phelps
"A Practical Political Remedy,".....	S. W. Livingstone.
"Arbitration versus War,".....	John Downie.
"The Mayflower and the Millenium,".....	W. J. Pinkerton.

The winner of this Contest has the honor of representing Monmouth College in the Illinois Inter-Collegiate Contest to be held at Jacksonville in October. The judges were A R. Oliver, Kewanee; Prof. J. F. Main, Aledo, and Rev. J. M. McArthur, Stronghurst. They awarded first place to W. E. Carson, and second place to W. J. Pinkerton.



Literary Societies.



THE LITERARY SOCIETIES of Monmouth College are a feature in the student's life. Of these, two, the Aletheorian and the Amateurs des Belles Lettres are conducted by the ladies, and two, the Philadelphian and Ecceitean, by the gentlemen of the College. The history of each has been told again and again in the Monmouth College annuals, and in the joint catalogues of the societies, which have been issued from time to time. In the brief sketches which follow no new historical fact is brought out, and whatever interest may be taken in the History of the Literary Societies of Monmouth College as here presented will be in the fact that it is written by one who has never before attempted a history of the societies, and for this reason may be able to present well known historical facts in a somewhat new and individual manner.



A. B. L. HALL.

A. B. L. Society.



"Droit et Avant."

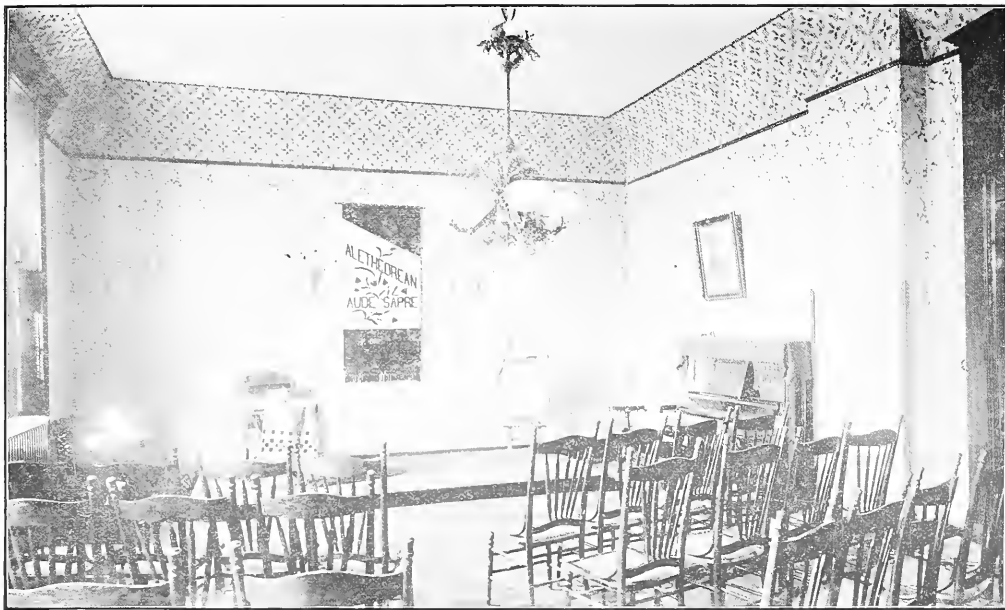
I N October, 1857, the first ladies' Literary Society of Monmouth College was organized. "Philomathean" was the name chosen for it, but in a few weeks the name "Amateurs des Belles Lettres" was substituted. A library was soon started, which unfortunately was destroyed when the library of the Philadelphian Society was burned, the two libraries being in one hall. The first few years of its existence the A. B. L.s had not a hall of their own. The other literary societies had separate halls, and to the A. B. L. Society it seemed an injustice that they were not granted one by the faculty and trustees of the College, from whom they demanded their rights and were given the hall occupied by them at present. This hall they furnished by their own efforts, and soon also had a new library well started. Contests with the rival ladies' society were frequently held, A. B. L. always taking her share of the literary honors. The society hall has several times been refurnished, and at present it is not surpassed by any in the College building. The history of A. B. L. is not unlike that of other similar and successful organizations. It has had its struggles and triumphs, its victories and defeats, but its growth has always been vigorous and secure. The happiest hours of its alumnae during their college course have been spent in its hall. The training and discipline furnished by the Society have been of inestimable value to its members, and few literary organizations composed of college students excel the A. B. L. Society of Monmouth College.

Aletheorian Society.

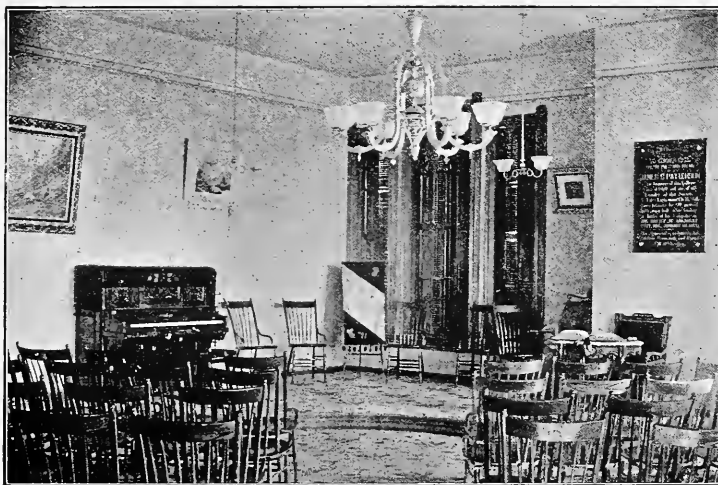


"Aude Sapere."

THE present Aletheorian Society was founded in the fall of 1862 by nine young lady students. The name "Aletheorian" was suggested by Dr. Young, who was then Professor of Greek and Hebrew. Great interest in the Society was shown by the charter members, and they soon had a nicely furnished society hall and a library well started. The money to pay for the purchases of the Society was all raised by the untiring efforts of the young lady members. In 1864 the first public exhibition of the Society was given in the College Chapel. A short time after this exhibition the rival ladies' society, the A. B. L., sent a challenge for a contest, which was promptly accepted. The contest was held in the old First church. As there were no judges chosen, neither society could rightfully claim a victory. As the years have rolled on, the membership and influence of Aletheorian have increased. The quarter-centennial of her founding was duly celebrated in 1887. In the words of another: "Aletheorian stands to-day prosperous, free of debt, self-reliant, one of 'Alma Mater's' most efficient helpers in the great work of educating heart and head."



ALETHEORIAN HALL.



PHILADELPHIAN HALL.

Philadelphian Society.

"Vincit Qui Se Vincit."

WITH the organization of Monmouth College a Literary Society known as the "Erodelphian Literary Society of Monmouth College," was also formally organized. This was in September, 1856. By the following January it had attained a vigorous growth, and that the greatest good might be accomplished, President Wallace suggested that the old society be divided, and two separate and distinct societies be organized. A committee consisting of two brothers, James R. Harris and Daniel Harris, was appointed to divide the old society. This they did on the "choosing up" plan. The division led by Daniel Harris founded the present Ecritean Society, and James R. Harris and his followers organized the present Philadelphian Society. At the time of the division of the first society there was a total of \$120.00 in the treasury. This sum was equally divided between the two newly-formed societies, and with its share the Philadelphian purchased the books with which the present library was started.

Public exhibitions in those days aroused much more interest among the students than at present, and on March 26th, 1857, the Philadelphian Society took a prominent part in the first public exhibition ever given by the students of Monmouth College. The Civil War of '61 to '65 greatly hindered the progress of the College and of the literary society, for, at President Lincoln's first call for troops, many of its members, together with many members of the rival society, left College and literary society, home and friends, and marched to the front, ready and willing to sacrifice their lives, if necessary, for the preservation of the Union. During the war, several of these "boys in blue" gained distinction for bravery and efficiency in military service and were made commissioned officers. Some died on the field of battle, others returned home but not to College, while a few returned to College, and graduated with honor. Since the war, Monmouth College, and likewise the Philadelphian Society, has enjoyed a vigorous and continued growth. Its alumni have met with success in all the professions and in business, and they attribute their success in no small measure to the training and discipline afforded them by the literary society when in college.

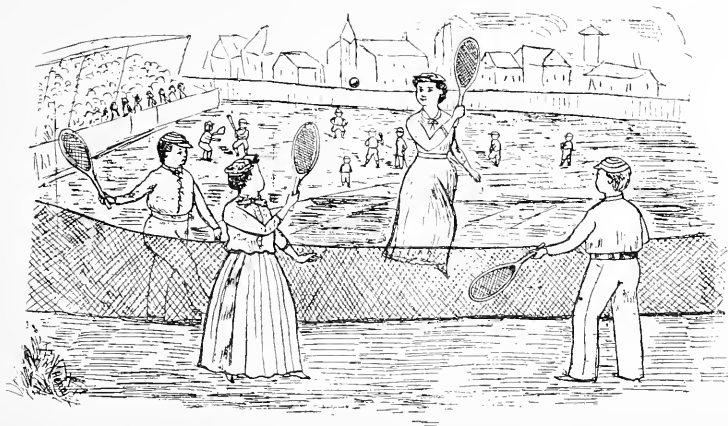
Eecritean Society.

"Sic Her ad Astra."

THE early history of the Eecritean Society when it formed a part of the old Erodelphian Society has already been given in connection with that of the Philadelphian Society. Daniel Harris, the first President of old Erodelphian, was chosen to lead the little band that founded the present Eecritean Society. There were seventeen charter members, and with the growth of the College the Society has also grown. During the first year of its existence the Eecritean Society challenged the Philadelphian Society to a contest, which was held December 17th, 1857, but as no contest judges were appointed the actual result of this contest is not known, but it is safe to say that Eecritean took her share of the honors. The Society has a finely finished hall, and a large and well selected library, which was started in 1857 with three volumes, the gift of Rev. J. C. Porter, one of the founders of the College. As a Society, the Eecritean has a record of which she may well be proud. In the late war no soldiers were braver than the little band of Eecriteans who hastened to the field of strife, and who in company with the volunteers from the City of Monmouth elected one of their own number as their Captain. The Society had been prosperous from the start, and in all walks of life her alumni have been successful.



ECCRITEAN HALL.



Athletics.



WITHIN the last few years the subject of College Athletics, with reference to their good and evil tendencies, has been thoroughly discussed. The theories propounded by the old Grecian philosophers are now accepted facts: they have been tried from that time to this and good has been the result. The necessity of "physical activity for the attaining that full-orbed and harmonious development of all parts of the human economy so essential to robust, vigorous health," is no longer doubted. There are but few persons who will deny the fact that students must have good bodily exercise. We all see the necessity of exercise for health, but as to the amount and kind required, widely differing opinions are held. Although they think it essential, yet they think there is decidedly more attention paid to it in our colleges and universities than is expedient. They admit the truth of the old saying with regard to a "sane mind in a sound body," but they consider the sound body as an accident of inheritance or surroundings.

Those at the head of our large institutions are fully convinced of the needs of students along this line, and they are doing all that seems possible to meet their wants in the way of athletic fields, buildings and apparatus. Regular systematic exercise is not only encouraged, but it is made compulsory, and the result is that better work and a greater amount of work is accomplished than when but little or no attention is paid to this side of man's nature. From the many articles printed in our daily papers on College Athletics one would be led to believe that they are fast becoming a dangerous element in the student's life. They would have you believe that the original purpose of our colleges and universities had been lost sight of, that the education of the mind had been made a secondary matter, and that they would soon be a place fitted up for the training of pugilists and professional athletes. Such, perhaps, they would seem to be at certain times of the year, when contests are held between rival schools, and college spirit has gone beyond control. Many things are perpetrated at such times that no college faculty could sanction. Neither does the fair-minded student stand up for such behavior. But such criticisms are not fair arguments against the system. They are looking at it at a time when "excellence in achievement" has taken the place of the true motive of the system. It is not the real purpose of the system to develop the physical side of man's nature alone. He who has only that side strong is of no more use to the world, in general, than he who has developed the mental or moral to the exclusion of the physical. The aim is to keep the body healthy, that the mind may be active and strong. The two go hand in hand. The one is just as essential as the other. The system of athletics, as any other system, has its objections, but we believe these are more than overbalanced by the advantages it offers. It opens the way for the development of certain quali-



BASE-BALL TEAM '93 '94.

ties of mind and character not provided for in the college curriculum, but yet just as essential to success in life as the instruction of the class-room. It calls into action the faculty of organization, it brings out your executive power, the power you have to control men, and in return to give faithful obedience to those placed over you. But aside from the advantages the system offers to students, it gives an opportunity to professors to become better acquainted with these placed in their charge. There is no better place than on the ball field or in the gymnasium for professors to mingle with their students and show them that they are in sympathy with them, that they are together interested in a common good, these places offer an opportunity to overcome the chilling reserve of the class-room. We believe if professors would go out, not only to witness the games and contests, but to take part occasionally, they would find their time well spent, their students would become more cordial, they would have more interest in the welfare of the college, and when they had completed their course they would go out into the world with warmer interests for their Alma Mater.

To turn now from the more general subjects of athletics, to athletics as we find them in Monmouth College, we are at a loss to know just what ought to be said. There surely is wisdom as well as policy in the old saying, that "the truth is not to be told at all times," but we believe it our duty as well as privilege to give to those who shall read these lines as correct a knowledge of athletics in our college as possible. We are glad to be able to say that the outlook is encouraging. There is a general awakening among both students and faculty, and why should there not be? Monmouth College is now the possessor of a fine athletic field. It is situated on East Broadway, four blocks east of the College, and comprises ten acres. The grounds are exceedingly level, and with a little more work can be made as good as any athletic field in the country. We, as students, cannot be too grateful to those who have been instrumental in securing the grounds. It gives us something that we can take an interest in, a starting point to build up an organization which will accomplish something.

Heretofore we have excused our poor success on our meagre advantages, and such was indeed the fact. We had to rent our own grounds, we had to level off our ball diamonds every year; the work and money expended to be of use for only the one season. Under such circumstances there was nothing to encourage athletic spirit. There was no incentive to work. Our athletics were spasmodic in every sense of the word. We would take courage and work hard for a time until some great difficulty would rise up before us which would be too great for our feeble efforts and pocket-books, and we would find ourselves back just where we were at first. But we can no longer have these difficulties to excuse our poor work. If we do not play winning ball or make speedy time in our races, it is to a great degree our own fault. We have the material among our students which, when developed, will compete with that of any western school. It is amazing the degree of success that has attended the efforts made in the past history of the College. Our ball team used to be able to "shut out" the Knox team, who in their own minds will soon be champions of the world, and to play a close game with a score of seven to eight with the State university. Again, last fall, at the inter-collegiate contests at Galesburg, our Boys caused the professional team of Knox, with their ten men, to tumble, until the tenth man had played an excellent game and made several scores. Now, boys, with the necessary work on our part and the proper spirit manifested on the part of all, we can do so again. What we need now is practice. Let every one go out to the

grounds as often as he can and take part in the games, and while he is there play for all that is in him. Whatever position you are filling for the time, whether on the ball team or in the tennis court, fill it to the best of your ability. Play not only for yourself, but try to do something along these lines. If you aspire to become a pitcher, try it whenever the way is open to you. If you want to be able to make a star kick at goal, when there is an enthusiastic crowd of foot ball admirers looking on, practice that. But don't think that because you have twirled the ball through a "hole in the bat" a time or two, and fanned a batter out, or made a brilliant or rather accidental tackle or kicked goal nicely when there is nothing at stake, that you are a sure candidate for the different teams, and if you fail to get the desired position refuse to practice any more, and accuse the management of having his favorites and placing them in the positions regardless of ability. The man who has such a disposition is narrow-minded in every sense of the word, and until he gets such ideas out of his self-conceited frame he will amount to nothing on the ball field or in anything else he may undertake. Harmony is just as essential for success in an athletic association as in any other organization of men. Some of us have had a little experience in selecting men for team work, and we have found it a hard place to fill. From our limited number of athletically-inclined students it is difficult to decide just who should play this and that position. We would be only too glad if the candidates for the different places were so well qualified that several could play the same position equally well.

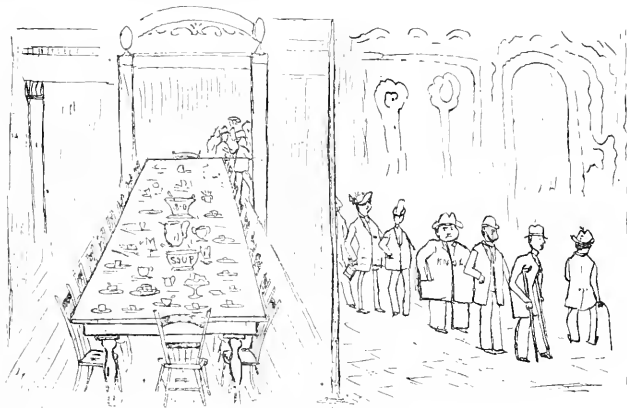
The prospects for athletics in our College are encouraging, and with the proper interest of the students and necessary inducements by those at the head of our College, for students to play certain positions which not every one can fill, there is no reason why Monmouth College cannot come off victorious at the inter-collegiate contest at Jacksonville, next fall.

While we are indeed thankful for what has been done for us as students, yet we are not yet satisfied. What Monmouth College now needs is a gymnasium. We do not agitate the building of a gymnasium simply because the students need it, but also because the College needs it. In this age of colleges, when their courses of study are much the same, and a young man can get a good practical education in any of them, inducements have to be offered in some other line, and we believe they are found in the advantages of athletics. The cost of an education is about the same in any of our colleges, and students are sure to look for the best advantages. That college which can offer inducements in all these lines is sure to prosper. There is a Y. M. C. A. gymnasium in the city, but it does not meet the needs of the students. Because of its distance from the College, and because the most of its members are from the city, with whom the students are not acquainted, but few are members of the association. It in no way meets the needs of a college gymnasium.

Some ten years ago a move was made by the students to equip a gymnasium if the College would build one by the next year. We clip the following from the "College Courier" of the spring of '84: "The subject of the gymnasium, which has so deeply interested the students during the past term, and which met with so much favor among the faculty and trustees, was not so favorably received by the Senate as had been anticipated; however, a committee was appointed to look up plans and cost of buildings, and report at the meeting next year. This move is a little discouraging to the students as they all felt sure of success this time, and when we take

into account the fact that between three and four hundred dollars were subscribed by them toward equipping the gymnasium if the Senate should build one by next term, we think there is just cause for discouragement. However, we can hope for success next year."

A decade has gone by, and yet there has been nothing done. We cannot but believe that Monmouth College would have been better off to-day, both financially and in the number of students, if the Senate had taken favorable action in this matter at that time. We trust that when the senate meets this spring something definite will be done in this matter. Let Senate, Faculty, students and all the friends of Old Monmouth do all in their power to so equip our College that the number of students shall be greatly increased, and that she may be able to compete successfully with any of our colleges.



"THAT KNOX BANQUET."

Officers.



STATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—W. H. McCaughlin, Blackburn University.
Vice President—S. L. Cox, Knox College.
Secretary and Treasurer—J. E. Clifford, Illinois College.

MONMOUTH ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—Bert Miller.
Secretary and Treasurer—D. W. Hogue.
Committee to Confer with Faculty—J. C. Hamilton,
D. M. Moore,
Lew Wallace.
Directors of Athletic Grounds—Ralph Graham,
George Niblock,
J. W. Clendenin.

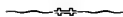
OFFICERS CHOSEN BY ASSOCIATION:

Manager of Base Ball Team—S. W. McKelvey.
Manager of Foot Ball Team—J. T. Miller.
Captain of Base Ball Team—J. C. Hamilton.
Captain of Foot Ball Team—J. T. Miller.



FOOT BALL TEAM, 1893.

Teams.



COLLEGE BASE BALL TEAM.

Manager—S. W. McKelvey.

Coacher —Harry Suggs.

W. T. Graham, catcher.

John Patton, pitcher.

J. C. Hamilton, 1st base and Captain.

F. W. Schmunk, 2d base.

James Schall, short stop.

Earle Soule, 3d base.

H. Hagey, right field.

E. M. Clingan, center field.

Bert Miller, left field.

COLLEGE FOOT BALL TEAM.

Manager—J. T. Miller.

Coacher —J. A. McGaughey.

D. M. Moore, c.

R. L. Phelps, l. g.

F. K. Collins, r. g.

J. A. McGaughey, l. t.

S. W. McKelvey, r. t.

A. A. Sampson, l. e.

H. P. Findley, r. e.

E. M. Clingan, q. b.

J. T. Miller, r. h. b.

John Patton, l. h. b.

C. R. Stevenson, f. b.

SUBSTITUTES.

J. C. Beitel.

J. E. Campbell.

E. F. Kimmelshue.

E. E. Jones.

Bert Miller.

T. B. Glass.

F. R. Smith.

George Wilson.

CLASS TEAMS OF THE COLLEGE, SPRING OF '94:

SENIORS.

Clingan, catcher.

S. W. McKelvey, pitcher.

J. C. Hamilton, 1st base.

W. H. Campbell, 2d base.

S. E. Findley, 3d base.

G. Stevenson, short stop.

W. W. Woodburn, right field.

E. E. Jones, center field.

J. W. Clendenin, left field.

JUNIORS.

J. E. Campbell, catcher.

H. P. Findley, pitcher.

J. A. McGaughey, 1st base.

C. T. Schenck, 2d base.

J. M. Cathcart, 3d base.

W. M. Lorimer, short stop.

J. L. Glass, right field.

W. R. Gladstone, center field.

W. S. Wallace, right field.

TEAMS—Continued.

SOPHS.

Bert Miller, catcher.
Ralph McCrackin, pitcher.
Albert Henry, 1st base.
F. W. Schunk, 2d base.
J. T. Miller, 3d base.
R. J. Speer, short stop.
W. T. Regnier, right field.
J. Beitel, center field.
C. W. Waddle, left field.

FRESH.

W. T. Graham, catcher.
Ralph Graham, pitcher.
Al. Glass, 1st base.
W. Weir, 2d base.
Lew Wallace, 3d base.
H. E. Norcross, short stop.
J. W. Findley, right field.
F. McMillan, center field.
H. Jamieson, left field.

PREPS.

H. Hagey, catcher.
J. Schall, pitcher.
F. Soule, 1st base.
E. Soule, 2d base.
F. Madden, 3d base.
J. S. McCrackin, short stop.
R. Dunbar, right field.
H. Spence, center field.
R. Brownlee, left field.



Games.

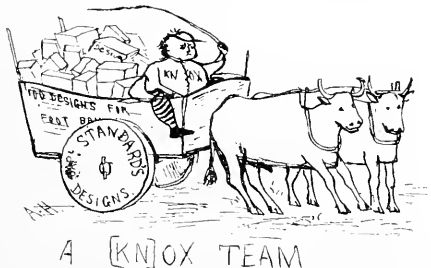


BASE BALL GAMES—1893:

Monmouth vs. St. Albans, at Knoxville, May 6—St. Albans won, 6 to 5.
 Monmouth vs. St. Albans, at Monmouth, May 13—Monmouth won, 19 to 2.
 Monmouth vs. Blackburn University, at Galesburg, Oct. 5—Monmouth won, 22 to 2.
 Monmouth vs. Knox College, at Galesburg, Oct. 6—Knox won, 9 to 3.

FOOT BALL GAMES PLAYED '93:

Monmouth vs. Knox, at Galesburg, Oct. 7—Knox won, 6-4.
 Monmouth vs. Macomb, at Monmouth, Oct. 17—Monmouth won, 58-0.
 Monmouth vs. St. Albans, at Knoxville, Oct. 21—St. Albans won, 20-6.
 Monmouth vs. St. Albans, at Monmouth, Nov. 4—Monmouth won, 16-6.
 Monmouth vs. Knox, at Monmouth, Nov. 11—Monmouth won, 18-0.
 Monmouth vs. St. Augustana, at Moline, Nov. 18—Monmouth won, 14-12.
 Monmouth made 21 touch downs against 8.
 Monmouth made 116 points against 44.



WINNERS AT INTER-COLLEGIATE, AT GALESBURG, Oct. 5-7:

FIRST PLACE.

50-yard Dash.....	J. V. Black.
100-yard Dash.....	John Patton.
220-yard Dash.....	John Patton.
High Kick.....	E. E. Jones.

SECOND PLACE.

Ball Throw.....	Lew Wallace.
Putting Shot.....	D. M. Moore.
Pole Vault.....	Ralph Graham.
Running High Jump.....	Curtis Stevenson.

THIRD PLACE.

Standing Broad Jump.....	Curtis Stevenson.
Two Mile Bicycle Race.....	G. J. Stevenson.

SECOND PLACE in Tennis Doubles, Foot Ball and Base Ball.

SANSPARIEL VS. EUREKA.

Sans 14, (F)rekes) 1.

SANSPARIEL.

Campbell, catcher.
 McKelvey, pitcher.
 Hamilton, 1st base.
 Clingan, 2d base.
 A. J. McCrackin, 3d base.
 J. S. McCrackin, short stop.
 Wallace, right field.
 McGaughey, center field.
 Lorimer, left field.

EUREKA.

Brownlee, catcher.
 Jones, pitcher.
 Black, 1st base.
 W. H. Campbell, 2d base.
 J. T. Miller, 3d base.
 Sampson, short stop.
 McClellan, right field.
 Ferguson, center field.
 Cathcart, left field.

FACULTY VS. SENIORS.

June 14, at Monmouth—Faculty 12, Seniors 30.

FACULTY.

McMichael, catcher.
Rogers, pitcher.
Graham, 1st base.
McMillan, 2d base.
Maxwell, 3d base.
Swan, short stop.
Wilson, right field.
Glass, center field.
Zartman, left field.

SENIORS.

Collins, catcher.
Clendenin, pitcher.
Wishart, 1st base.
Burnside, 2d base.
G. J. Stevenson, 3d base.
McCrackin, short stop.
Woodburn, right field.
Longcor, center field.
C. R. Stevenson, left field.



Lawn Tennis.



THE LAWN TENNIS ASSOCIATION has been in existence four years, being organized in September, 1890. It began with a membership of twenty. The second year it numbered thirty-five. At present there are twenty-seven names on the roll. The first two years a great amount of enthusiasm was manifested in Tennis—the four courts on the College grounds being constantly in use, besides many private courts. We had tournaments, etc. Last year the interest in Tennis died out for some reason, but we are glad to see it has revived again this year. Our membership is only one-half as large as it ought to be, however. When we have too many members for the four courts at the College, there is plenty of room on the Athletic grounds. Any one who knows anything about the game will testify to its being one of the most delightful and healthful of exercises. There is nothing so pleasant and invigorating as an hour of Tennis. Why, then, do not more of the students avail themselves of the opportunity for playing? Expensive? Surely not,—instead of an initiation fee there is a very small term tax, and racquets can be had at very reasonable prices. “Haven’t time,” is a common excuse. Take time! An hour of Tennis is time well spent—the student always finds it easier to study after some exercise. Above all, let the girls play Tennis. We notice the names of but five girls on the roll, and see a limited number of girls who play on private courts. Where are the rest of them? Tennis is one of the few out-door exercises in which a girl may participate.

The four courts on the Campus ought to be constantly in use, in the evenings and on Saturdays. You surely have as much spare time as the boys, and you should improve it just as much. Your health demands exercise the same as a boy’s, and in this game, which is especially suited to you, you should be as ready and anxious to play as they are in base ball or foot ball. Join the Association, buy yourself a racquet, and improve your time. There should be three or four times as many girls as boys members of the association. A little determination and push is all that is needed.

OFFICERS.



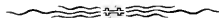
LILLIAN WAID, President.
J. C. HAMILTON, Vice President.
W. J. PINKERTON, Secretary and Treasurer.

ROLL OF MEMBERS.

J. C. Hamilton.
E. M. Clingan.
W. M. Lorimer,
W. B. Weir.
J. H. McMillan.
W. J. Pinkerton.
Howard Bratton.
George Niblock.
C. F. Wishart.
F. C. Smith.
Hugh B. Speer.
Will Graham.
J. W. Clendenin.
T. C. McCrackin.

Hiram Norcross.
Ralph Graham.
R. W. Burnside.
W. R. Gladstone.
W. H. Campbell.
Frank Skinner.
R. H. Rockwell.
J. R. Paisley.
Lillian Waid.
Sara E. Norcross.
Nellie M. Hardin.
L. Junia Park.
Harriet Chamberlin.

Life Light.



On summer night in Northern seas,
Toward the land of midnight sun,
There's the soft warm glow of four marvelous lights
That seem to blend into one.

To the West there's the ray
Of the parting day,
From the dim earth line up stealing;
Up the Eastern sky
The morn spirits fly,
Aurora's return revealing.

Strangely weird, far upward streaming,
Like blood avenger's sword-blade gleaming,
The North night lights mount zenithward;
Calm and mild, her beams soft playing
O'er mead and fen and streamlet straying,
In Southern heaven, the Queen of the Night sits guard.

Oh, kindly is that light
That greets the seaman tossed,
And guides o'er the shoals of danger,
O'er the caverns of the lost,
When the moonlight and the twilight,
The Aurora and the dawn,
Gives birth to a new, resplendent glow,
And darkness fades and is gone.

Thus the life of man about us,
Girt with sorrow and with sin,
Sees a radiant light, gloom rending,
Answering to the soul within.

Like the moonlight to the vision, is the lovelight in the soul,
As it gleams 'mid life's surging breakers that forever huge billows roll;
To man where despair surrounds him, and the garments of hope grow grey
Comes the glow of love-lamps burning, and pierces the gloom away.

Springing from man's inmost nature, guiding, how he cannot tell,
Comes a gleam that shapes his being, with its strange, mysterious spell,
Mystical light of source divine! Blindly we grope, darkly we climb,
Led by the beacon 'till before us we see the limitless realm of eternity.

By the light of the sunset gloaming, man sees the deeds that are done,
And the past with lingering echo, tells how the morrow'll be won;
Can the onward path be illumined, but as knowledge blazes the way,
And the glorified march of the ages be our teacher forever and aye.

But rarer by far is the light of the dawn,
Dimly pre-figuring the celestial morn.
Emblem of Hope! Sung of in story,
Leading man upward, ever toward glory.

Dearer art thou to the child of faith
When doubt makes resolve to totter;
Than richest gem that ever gleamed
'Neath the foam of Araby's water

Guided by these mystic gleamings,
Man approaches the divine.
Rise! Oh soul, and grasp thy portion,
It shall be thine.

E. O. H.

Battle of Classes.



ANCIENT lore tells of a haughty king who perched himself upon a mountain top where he could view with ease his contending forces swaggering in the gore of Grecian youth. For hours he watched their blooded shields and helmets slowly sinking, his Persian heroes dropping one by one, till at length he was compelled to flee from his lofty watchtower and take refuge in a retreating army. During the first watches of the stilly night of October 26th, 1893, a Battle of Classes occurred, which, to behold in the charm of that moonlight night, would have reminded the Persian king of the bloody picture spread before him on that mountain top.

The verdant Freshman had assembled at Dr. Wallace's for social recreation. Though awkward, green and bashful, they were wearing away the giddy hours with only such pleasures as the Freshman knows. The wily Sophomores at a late hour came prowling about with a deeply laid scheme to decoy the laddies away from the house a short distance when they would swoop upon them like an eagle upon its prey and bear them away from the pretty girls left behind. The Freshmen, however, did not bite so readily. They surveyed the situation pretty carefully but finally made a sally forth. They were quickly driven back, however, by the Herculean Sophs, even to the very entrance of their fortification. Then ensued a hand to hand struggle, such as has not been known since the days of Leonidas. It was no place for Freshies sleek combed hair, and their first standing collars and delicate accompanying neckties. All these were utterly smashed and spattered with gore. Still the contest rages. The battle is yet indecisive. Two unfortunate bewildered Sophs, overpowered after terrible conflict, are borne upon the shoulders of the screaming Freshies right into the very center of their bulwarks, planked down in utter humiliation amid the exultant shouts of the Freshmen ladies. All efforts were in vain to force open the barred door and thus relieve the unfortunate captives from their blushing imprisonment. Just at this juncture a boastful Freshman who had not happened to get in when their prize had been captured, was seized by two stalwart Sophs and carried and dragged and jerked out into the street. Broadway was destined to become the scene of the remainder of this battle. It was long and fierce, and even yet I can hear the din of the raging antagonists and witness the glitter of the clashing armor on that moonlight night. As soon as the Freshies discovered their missing man struggling against the Sophs, they poured forth from their bulwarks in a steady stream to reinforce their suffering brother; soon the encounter was fierce. Freshies were lying in piles all about, and their broadcloth suits—many of which had got the stink of newness upon them—were scoured with the sand of Broadway pavement. Their hairs were disheveled and their stiff laundried collars—the first they had ever worn—were loosely hanging about their necks saturated thoroughly with trickling perspiration. A Soph, was seen here and there struggling like a mighty man of war, with as many Freshies as could get to him. Generally he was down under them with only one foot or perhaps a leg, in view, by the struggling motions of which one could easily imagine the intense anxiety of the individual to whom it belonged. At length the wearied classmen ceased their warring and the battle was considered a draw. Sophs went hatless and fatigued. Freshmen went home in a body for self protection.

E. E. JONES.

Trials and Troubles.

THE College student is but a boy. To offset this characteristic, landladies are but human, and the conflict of these similar elements in two different individuals often produces a strange state of affairs.

When some eight or ten boys collect in one room, after society on some Friday night, near the hour of midnight, something has to give way. There must be a song and a dance, a sprinkling of farce, tragedy or comedy, a gymnastic exhibition, all being carried out before an appreciative and enthusiastic audience. All this causes noise, which seems to have direct connection with the nerves of the sleeping family beneath, and when the climax comes, when the grand free-for-all bout occurs, when a struggling mass of student, fall in drastic encounter with alarming thud to the floor, then it is that outraged humanity can endure it no longer. Suddenly the blatant mob is silenced by a well known voice at the foot of the staircase, and a penitent "Yes'm," acknowledges the honor of the call.

However, visitors depart, the pipes are lighted and a half hour's halcyon enjoyment ensues. But "Oh what a difference in the morning!" Happy boy, whose duties called him away from his room after breakfast. For there, there was in store for him such an exhibition of acerbity, that he had not dreamed of since his father last called him around the house to attend a woodshed rehearsal. To study was out of the question, interpellations unavailing. The culprit finds the shortest way out to take it all, promise to do better, and enjoy the situation upon her departure.

All this went on for some time, until at last there was a holiday. As a result unusual provocation was given, and after supper the poor boy returned to his place of abode, imagining that an evening of peace awaited him. Vain hope! He is met at the door with the sarcastic announcement that it "might be better for him to get another room." He is astounded. Fired! Oh well, it doesn't matter, there are other rooms in town. But there are other boys in the house. They go down to remonstrate, but it does no good. Their efforts in behalf of their friends only call down the sword of Damocles upon their own heads, and they are told to go and do likewise. Then begins a search for new apartments. Fortunately they are successful and other rooms are found in adjoining houses not more than a block away.

The next day the moving occurred. Twenty or thirty friends were called in to assist the operation. The six trunks were carried down and placed upon the lawn. Around them in careless profusion were piles of books, shoes, coats, hats, ball

bats and tennis racquets. Then the line was formed; every fellow had his arms full, and the procession marched up the street to the tune of "Good-bye Old Cabin Home."

When the last article had been placed in its resting place, the assembled multitude gathered in the delightful porticos of the new residence, and with doffed hats appreciatively listened to the orator of the occasion, who, in behalf of the expatriated heroes thanked the boys for their timely assistance, and expressed the hope that the six friends might now enjoy themselves without interference.

The rest is quickly told. Now all is serene. Now, in drowsy contentment, they lazily watch the circling rings of smoke as they slowly rise from the calumet, and calmly floating in the air expand into numberless delightful fancies, and the "Home of Peace," as it was christened, has become a favorite resort for "the boys."

This is but one incident of many. Misunderstandings will occur, and dismissal often follows, yet there are no hard feelings. Soon all is forgotten. The students find new victims to annoy, and the worried landlady soon finds her rooms filled with others, who may or may not repeat the scenes we have described.

W. H. B.



MONMOUTH, ILL., APRIL 1, '94

Dear Pap:—I thought I would write to you and let you and Mam and the rest of the folks know that I am well. We have a good deal of fun now-a-days, although we have to study arithmetic and grammar and geography and all such things awful hard. I am going to tell you about some base ball—that's a game they play here. You know I told you all about the foot ball last fall. But this is altogether different. One evening some of the boys said, "Let's go out to the ball park," and I went, and don't you know they had a place scraped off big enough to pasture three or four calves, and I asked them what that was for, and they told me it was a diamond; I told them I thought a diamond was a precious stone, and they said "nob." Well there were a lot of fellows that went out on the diamond and what they called field, and a fellow hollered, "Play ball!" Well, I watched them, but they didn't play a bit like John and Bill and Sy, and the rest of the boys play at home. Why I watched them for an hour and they never crossed them out or anything. Once they hollered "How is that for a balk by the pitcher?" I looked, but he didn't act a bit like our old Joe mule. Then they said it wasn't a balk because the pitcher wasn't in his box. Well I have seen people get off their box, but I never heard that gag before—and how could he? when it was plain that there was no box put there for him to get into—unless they got a big dry goods box—and then he couldn't have thrown the ball as well.

Well I won't write any more about base ball this time. School will soon be out and I will come home and tell you all about it. I will see some of the boys, and see if I can take a suit home with me and show you and mam and the rest of the boys what a ball player looks like. I am awful anxious to get home. I am glad school will soon be out.

Write soon and send me some money.

Your Bawling Son,

MR. SILAS MAKEOVER,
Hoopoleville, Nowhere.

The Freshman Horse.



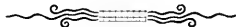
Since coming here last Fall, dear Pa!
I've seen some wondrous sights,
A studyin' some in daytime
And wanderin' 'round o'nights!

I've attended the renowned class socials,
And Pa, if you could only a seen me,
At the—it's no use tryin' to explain it—
But it's a swell affair called the Pat tea.

And 'the horses' for ridin' and drivin'!
It's a mighty long time you'll seek,
Ere you find a match in Podunk
For the one I ride thro' Greek.

F. R. ESHIE.

Fading Pictures.



One lovely day, as I walked around
O'er the memorable Campus ground,
Thoughts of other days came o'er me,
Like the wind's sad requiem o'er the sea.

The tablet of memory was unrolled,
I gazed on its pictures, new and old;—
Listen! The good old Chapel bell has rung:
"I to the hills will lift mine eyes" is sung

As on this picture we pathetically glance,
The light and shade blend in soft radiance:
There is that true soul-inspiring face
Of the revered, loved Doctor Wallace.

There is the renowned Doctor Black,
Who in wit and fun was never slack;
There is Prof. H.—Doctor it is now—
Who in Chemistry taught us the why and how.

The dignified Prof. G., with judgment mature,
Instructed us in English Literature:
And there was the Prof. R., who with rare tactics,
Knew everything about Mathematics.

And kind Miss S. in French and German,
Taught with patience more than human;
And Professor W. who taught exceedingly fine,
In the angle, tri-angle and line.

Here a picture of us brave cronies,
Going thro' the Trojan war on Latin ponies,
Which longing for pastures green,
On our verdant minds, grazing are seen.

And sometimes our fair conscience we scrawled
As under the college fence we crawled
And climed the ladder of fame (apple trees.)
Oh! tell me not! other days were good as these.

Now I see students coming up the walk,
Just as plain as if they'd been drawn by chalk;
Or by mules away out to Olmstead's mill,
Or by Facutly o'er the coals, with will.

Here's a few pictures of examinations
That's enough to arouse the nations;
Our heads full of learning to o'erflowing,
Running o'er white cuffs and aprons thick as snowing.

Think of those notes slyly passed in books,
And scan the Prof.'s scornful looks;
Though about it they made no ado
Somehow, I believe, they knew.

But of all pictures, this one doth surpass,
It's that of our graduating class,
Which having now attained such great fame,
Thought I would put its picture in a frame.

I found there was nothing in our town
Large enough to hold these illustrious, renown;
Except the opinion the original had of themselves,
That was full, so to Washington's top shelves

I sent and bought a frame, large enough at any rate
That had been filled with aspiring official candidate;
After the election, it shrunk and dropped,
Leaving a vacuum—my large picture stopped.

The price! It was so exceedingly high,
(And a Washingtonian couldn't lie;)
He kindly said, as it was me
And second-handed, I could have it for half fee.

I was glad: for once, I was second-handed,
(The picture looks like Columbus when he landed;)
Is a work of art, surpassing nature,
In its life-like and smiling feature.

It is a handsome picture that will sell
Everybody who looks for it in the Annual,
Which blooms in the spring, allow me to tell,
Like the daisy, lilac and the blue bell.

J. B. V.

An Omelet.



In the closing days of winter,
Just before the spring vacation
Every student's mind is thinking
Of new means of recreation.

In a town twelve miles from Monmouth,
So the story has been told,
Ten or fifteen of these thinkers
Ventured to become too bold.

To a lecture, in that village,
They had gone that they might find
Some new store of treasured knowledge;
Something to improve the mind.

As they started from the depot
To the lecture room near by;
"Booma-Laka!" was their watchword,
"Get there, Eli!" was there cry.

When the lecture had been finished,
And they left the lecture hall,
Bottles! forty-nine in number,
Were removed from off the wall.

To the good old tune of Dennis,
They had sung John Jones three times,
And had entertained the people
With various other rhymes.

Of course the people were delighted:
And the night-watch, too, was glad;
But the small boys of the village
Seemed to be a little sad.

When the hour arrived for parting,
And the shrieking whistle-blew,
All the jolly boys from Monmouth
Stepped aboard and bid adieu.

But they brought with them to Monmouth,
To their homes and to their friends,
Some of the richest, choicest vintage,
Of Alexis' sun-kissed hens.

W. E. CARSON.



To Prof. W.---



When you go into the Greek class
Wishing smart and bright to seem,
Your pride is always somewhat humbled
To hear the sentence "cut it clean."

When in study on construction
You run your fingers through your hair,
You sometimes get a little rattled
To hear the answer "treat it fair."

If perchance you're feeling funny,
And on review don't understand,
You always get this sound instruction
"Please attend the thing in hand."

If you would recite with credit,
And as a scholar wish to pose
Always heed Professor's warning,
"Push it vigorously" "watch it close."

S. W. L.

Advice.



When the student comes to College
Fresh and green from off the farm,
Some advice and sound instruction,
Will not do him any harm.

For many trials and difficulties
He will meet with while in school,
And a little sound forewarning
May save him turning out a fool.

So when you read this simple poem,
Do not fail it to obey,
And we know that in the future
You'll thank the author for his lay.

When you first arrive at College
Do not try to cut a swell;
To have it said that one is rising
Is better than "he rose and fell."

If your father's been a D. D.,
Or an officer of State,
Keep it silent, lest some people
Your own true worth overrate,

When you go into the classroom
Do not exhibit all you know;
Rust will never injure knowledge;
Better go a little slow,

If, as a man of letters,
You desire your life to beam,
Join society for its true worth,
Be not tempted with ice cream.

If you, perchance, receive some honor,
Do not think that all is won.
Brilliant minds, neglecting study,
In the end are found undone.

If to a certain entertainment
You wish to take a lady friend,
Never write with a lead pencil,
Let your note with ink be penned

And when you receive the answer
Expressing, Oh! such great delight!
Do not let your head grow dizzy
And think that you are "out of sight."

But keep yourself both cool and sober,
Remembering this as always true,
That many others receive answers
Of as great delight as you.

If, however, you're unlucky,
And receive the answer, "No!"
Attend that entertainment singly,
Never with another go

'Tis better far to sit in silence,
Drop your chin on your cravat,
And fill the empty seat beside you
With your overcoat and hat.

For the fair sex are so jealous—
At popularity so rejoice—
That to them 'tis almost pleasure
To tell another "you're second choice."

“Jesus Wept.”



Jesus weeping with His friends:
Is there any scene more dear
In our Savior's earthly life,
Than we find recorded here ?

Weeping not for Lazarus;
Weeping not in quenchless grief
For the loss of him departed;
For an ache without relief.

No, for well He knew the grave
Could not hold His dear loved friend,
He was going even now
To command that sleep to end.

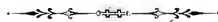
But in wondrous sympathy
Rose the groanings in His heart;
E'en the needless tears of others
Caused His own quick tears to start.

Ah, a matchless friend was He !
Was it strange they sent for Him ?
Breaking hearts know where to lean
When the pain is sharp within

Jesus, give us of Thy love;
Make us tender as Thou art;
Give us power to sympathize,
Power to cheer the saddened heart.

J. G. H.

Historiette.



I

'Twas near the close of the winter term,
When the days were growing longer,
When one began to think of spring,
And the sun was growing stronger.

2

One day old Sol was unwontonly bright,
The air was unseasonably warm:
And the Sophomores thought that new spring pants
Would not be out of form

3

So forthwith they went to a tailor down town,
Who had bought "At a bankrupt sale
A bargain lot of elegant goods,
Which he was prepared to retail

4

At the fabulous price of fifty cents !"
They were white and made of cotton,
So each of the Sophies bought a pair,
And homeward went a trottin'.

5

Next day when they gaily came into chapel,
The brigade of the white pantaloons--
The Freshies' eyes came out on their cheeks
As large as half-grown moons :

6

For *they* didn't have white pants to wear,
 They simply were "not in it"
 But you cannot outdo a Freshie, you know,
 So 'tis no use to begin it

7

That eve they stole a march on the Sophs,
 And stole their trousers as well;
 The Sophomores' anguish we cannot depict,
 Our language would fail us to tell.

8

The Freshmen worked like gallant lads,
 'Till the wee sma' hours that night
 To fasten a pair of pants in the chapel
 Where all could get a sight.

9

Having previously painted a big red cross
 On a very conspicuous place;
 Like the eastern farmer puts on his sheep,
 Or the Juniors (?) the chairs deface.

10

But, ah! alas! for the Freshies hopes!
 They took to them wings next day;
 For an angel, or something, had come in the night,
 And stolen the panties away.

11

One day the Freshmen skipped Bible,
 (The President didn't approve,)
 And bied them away to a classman's room—
 A very suspicious move.

* * * * *

12

Next day, had you passed through the Campus, I ween
Your eyes would have caught something white
That trembled and fluttered about in the breeze,
Like the wings of a bird in its flight.

13

"The Preps. have been flying their kites," you would think,
And the trees interfered with their fun;
Or they've played the Freshies a game of base ball,
And this is a sign they have won."

14

But as nearer you drew you would see they were pants,
And of course you would stop and stare;
And puzzle your brain to know whence they had come,
Or why in the world they were there.

15

Next morning the trees stood bleak and bare,
And the March wind was noisy and cross,
For its playmate—the pants—were taken away,
And it was bemoaning its loss

16

But the Sophies appeared no more in white pants,
And some very knowing ones say,
The Seniors bought them for a quarter apiece
To wear on Commencement Day.

LILIAN McCLINTOCK.

Affaire d'Amour.

I love him most sincerely,
I cannot but confess;
Nor time nor any creature
Can make me love him less.

He is so very charming,
So pleasant and so neat,
A handsomer young fellow
Is ne'er seen on the street.

His suit is always stylish;
The color always brown,
His eyes are black as midnight,
His hair as soft as down.

To see him is to love him,
So, all the girls are "stuck,"
He has no time for them,
So I am in the "luck"

But though he's so devoted
And always at my side,
He never asks the question
Would win me for his bride.

But tears because of this
Shall ne'er my eyes befog,
For who can ever blame him ?
He's my little poodle dog,

S. L. M.



CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

A Rustic Retreat.



NESTLED amid verdure-clad hills in Southern Wisconsin lies the beautiful Lake of Geneva. At one of the prettiest spots along its bank may be read in letters of white stones, "Y. M. C. A." which is changed to "Y. W. C. A." when the girls' summer school is in session.

"Nature was here so lavish of her store,
That she bestowed until she had no more."—

And man has only supplanted, not destroyed, nature.

To one who has had the privilege of spending two weeks in this ideal retreat, the mention of Geneva calls up the memory of Christian companionship, inspiring leaders, an open-air Tabernacle, reception hall, dining hall, tennis courts, croquet grounds, lovers' walks, romantic climbs, hillside springs, bathing and boating.

The rules of the camp, though numerous, are never irksome. At 6:30 rings the rising bell, and 7:00 finds the great dining hall the center of attraction. At 7:45 comes morning worship in the tabernacle, and from that on till noon the hours are occupied with study and recitations, in personal work, missionary conferences, systematic Bible study, and secretarial classes.

The afternoon is given over to recreation and sports of all kinds, from letter-writing and hammock swinging to fishing and cat-tail hunting.

Five p. m. among the girls is considered the proper time to enjoy the bathing facilities, and at that hour may be seen within the bathing limits every description of suit with wearers who are executing feats as various as their costumes. One day, as we girls rowed up to the landing we heard one of the young men who was employed about the camp, call out as he threw himself off of the pier in the most awkward manner possible, "This is the way Wishart dives!" The boys around baw-bawed vociferously, and we girls smiled in sympathy as we thought what a good joke we had on C. F.

The College boys were in camp the two weeks preceding our stay, and the only young men who were at Geneva while we were there were those who were employed in some way or other in the management of the camp.

At 6:00 rang the ever-welcome supper bell. From 7:00 to 8:00 every boat was called into play, and the lake seemed fairly alive with darting skiffs. One evening, just as the sun was setting, all the boats rowed out into

the lake and formed a float, singing sacred songs under the leadership of Prof. Jacobs, until the deepening shades of twilight called us back to shore and to President Angell's address on the lake front.

After the address came the Illinois Reunion, "at a Rabbit Haunt," in the forest above the lake. About forty invitations had been issued for the event, and they were sketched in water colors on birch bark cut from the neighboring trees. A huge bonfire, comic recitations, refreshments, consisting of square crackers and Welch rabbit, songs by some of the Y. M. C. A. young men in camp, contributed to the wild jollity of the occasion. Then came the kodak picture taken by flash light, and last, and longest to be remembered, the prayer with which the reunion closed. As we looked up through the trees into the starry heavens, we felt that God in heaven was in the stars, and their flashing lights answered the pleading of our ascending petition.

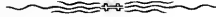
It was customary to have a prominent platform speaker every night from 8:00 to 9:00, but an exception was made the first Saturday evening the girls were in camp, and each State delegation gave an entertainment. The Illinois girls gave "Old Maids Made Over," with Mr. Frank Bent as Prof. Makeover. Illinois received a big majority vote for having the best entertainment. Other features of this evening's fun were the singing of college songs by the different delegations, the display of a banner from each college represented, and the giving of all the different college yells.

But we would not have you think for one instant that the Geneva sojourn was one of continuous hilarity. Hard work in every case contributed to the pleasures of the recreation following, and he or she who pulled the stoutest oar was oft-times the strongest in all-prevailing prayer, and the voices most rich and clear in "Spanish Cavalier," lost nothing in sweetness but gained in earnestness and feeling when they rang out in "Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Eyes were bright over repartee and jest, but brighter when were under discussion the needs and prospects of Christian work in the respective colleges. Light feet ran many a race, but all were running the Master's errands. Five hundred young men and women revelled in the beauties of nature displayed with lavish hand, but studied with deeper purpose and more all-absorbing pleasure the word of Nature's God.

Geneva is prized by us for its three-fold development: physical, intellectual, and most of all for the spiritual uplift it gave us.

Meetings of the Ravelings Board.



A. B. L. HALL, March 3, '94.

MEETING is called to order by Hamilton.
Bratton elected Temporary Chairman; Gertrude Duff, Secretary.

Bratton calls for an expression of ideas on the part of Board members. Profound silence reigns, and amid the stillness. Board adjourns.

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COLLEGE CHAPEL, Mar. 17, '94.

Special Com. of Board meets to discuss subject matter of proposed RAVELINGS.

Motion made that Prof. Wilson's picture be introduced as one of the taking features. Com. fears that Prof. Rogers would be jealous at such a proceeding, and motion is laid on the table. Com. adjourns.

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WARREN Co. LIBRARY COM. ROOM, March 19, '94.

Board meets at 2:30. Chairman appears at 3:30.

It is moved that the matter of the Sophomore ice cream pants be omitted in the RAVELINGS owing to the sensitiveness of the Sophs. concerned. J. T. Miller speaks eloquently in favor of this motion. He is ably seconded by Bratton. Motion is lost, ayes 2, nays 10.

Motion is made that the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth be published in the RAVELINGS of '94. McMillan vigorously opposes this motion, and motion is tabled.

On motion Board adjourns.

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WAREEN Co. LIBRARY COM. ROOM, Mar. 20.

Special Com. of RAVELINGS Board meets to assign the different positions on the editorial staff, etc. A slight unpleasantness is caused by the receipt of a communication from Josephine Nichol insisting that she be made Business Manager. This difficulty smoothed over, each member of the special com. proceeds to choose the department he wishes to edit, and the rest of the Board positions are settled by "heads and tails." Com. adjourns.

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PROF. SWAN'S ROOM, Mar. 23, '94.

Meeting of RAVELINGS Board to hear the report of Com. on Nominations. All the members are present. A highly exciting time is enjoyed. Sasie Williams is confined to her room for a week after, and McKelvey is seen

in company with the College crutches for the next three days. On motion it is finally agreed that the Board shall give out the report that Susie is laid up with the mumps, and that McKelvey fell down the back stairs. It is further moved and carried that Wishart write a poem to be published in the RAVELINGS commemorating the peace and harmony which characterized all the meetings of the Board.

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ECCLITICAN HALL, Apr. 15.

Meeting of RAVELINGS Board called to order by Hamilton, Bus. M'n'gr. Object of meeting to devise ways and means by which the Board can protect itself against the onslaughts of an enraged and outraged public when the RAVELINGS makes its appearance.

Motion carried that all members of the Board take a solemn oath never to reveal, ever to conceal who wrote what. Members swear by the Ecclitican gavel and the Toepler Holtz machine. On motion Board adjourns.

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COLLEGE CAMPUS, May 20. --

Called meeting of RAVELINGS Board to decide on the advisability of publishing F. O. Ross' *Annex* letter in the Alumni department. Motion made that the letter be so disposed of. Motion bitterly opposed by McMillan, who appeals to the Board by all the RAVELINGS *ought* to be not to thus desecrate its sacred pages and corrupt the minds of its innocent readers. Motion lost: ayes 0, nays 12.

On motion Board adjourns.

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A. B. L. HALL, May 25, '94.

RAVELINGS Board comes together for the last night. The sadness that always attends a farewell meeting pervades the assembly. Overcome with emotion, Miller is compelled to borrow Floread's handkerchiefs. Board wishes to commemorate itself in some worthy way, and motion is carried to leave a memorial to the College. Sara Norcross suggests that the Board purchase a Steinway piano, and store it in A. B. L. Hall. This suggestion is promptly sat down upon, especially by the Altheorian members of the Board. Matter of memorial finally tabled indefinitely. Moved and carried that the meeting of the Board close with some touching and appropriate little service. In accordance with this motion the entire Board arise, join hands, and sing, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot." On Junia's motion chorus is repeated pianissimo.

Adjournment "sine die."

Evening Praise.

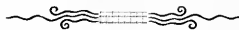
continuation.

A handwritten musical score for a continuation. It features three staves: a top staff with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature, and two bottom staves with bass clefs and a 4/4 time signature. The music is written in a simple, handwritten style with various note values and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the top staff.

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece consists of 16 measures, with a double bar line after the 8th measure. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in 4/4 time. The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicating the key of D major. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece consists of 16 measures, with a double bar line after the 8th measure. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and accidentals (sharps and naturals). The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

The Realm of Orpheus.



“There is a charm, a power that sways the breast;
Bids every passion revel or be still;
Inspires with rage or all our cares dissolves;
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair—
That power is Music.”

IT is the boast of each to-day that it is an improvement upon its yesterday. The RAVELINGS of '94 desires to take a step in advance of its elder sisters '92 and '93, by giving to its readers a short review of the musical work in this institution. In name, Monmouth College has had a department in music. lo! these decades, but it is only within the last five years that a music room has been fitted up within the College building, and a Professor placed in charge of it.

The Faculty of our College congratulate themselves on the musical member of their number. Prof. E. C. Zartman is a graduate of the Conservatory of Music in Wooster, Ohio: was a pupil of the celebrated Karl Merz, recently deceased, and came to Monmouth College after proving himself a most competent and successful instructor in music at Emporia College.

When Professor was first introduced to Monmouth audiences, he caused quite a flutter among the young ladies, who took him to be an eligible bachelor, but whatever tender hopes may have been falsely cherished were rudely shattered when, in the second year of his stay with us, Professor took an Ohio trip during the Christmas holidays and returned with her whom we have all learned to know and love as Mrs. Zartman.

The music room of the College is one of the most pleasant ones about the building, especially since its refitting a year since. The room is large, light and airy, open into the chapel, and also out upon the third-floor corridor. Reception and easy chairs are scattered here and there over the hard-wood floor; a table piled high with music sits in one corner: the walls are tinted a delicate pink, and hung with fine engravings of the great composers: while in the middle of the room stands the center of attraction, a three-cornered grand piano.

Prof. Zartman is the presiding genius at this piano, giving lessons in instrumental and vocal music five days in the week, from 8:30 in the morning to 5:00 in the afternoon. As a new feature in the work a class was organized last year for the study of Harmony. Conscientious endeavor has gone into this study, and some of the

original compositions of the class are deserving of high praise. Miss Edna Dean is the composer of the one which serves as an introduction to this article.

This year a second class in Harmony was formed, and is doing excellent work.

Last September the study of Musical History was introduced in the music course, and throughout the year an enthusiastic class has delved into the mysteries of the musical past, the lives of the composers, and the rise and growth of different kinds of music.

Many questions are asked the Professor from time to time by his pupils, and feeling that the answers may be interesting to others than those taking private musical instruction, it is not an unusual thing for the students at large and friends outside of the College to receive invitations inviting attendance upon a recital in the chapel or music room, where these questions are brought up and reviewed by Prof. Zartman. In many cases a practical illustration of the answer is given upon the piano.

One day, near the close of the winter term, an informal invitation was extended those interested in the musical department to meet in the music room immediately after college recitations. At that time the following program was most admirably rendered, and its interest to the audience was greatly increased by the explanations and comments made by the Professor on each number:

"Auf dem Spieplatz," Op. 122.....	Carl Heins.
EDNA FOSTER.	
"Valse des Fleurs or Brilliant,".....	Ketterer.
MISSes OLLIVER.	
"The Rose Bush," (Song).....	Lydes.
MISS BESSIE LIGGETT.	
"Minuett," from Op. 78.....	Schubert.
MISSes DEAN and SANSBURY.	
"Oh, Let Me Weep Now," (Song).....	Handel.
MISS WADE.	
"Nocturne," A Maj. No. 1.....	Field.
MISS LACRA DOW.	
"Prelude," in D Flat.....	Chopin.
MISS DEAN.	
"All Soul's Day," (Song).....	Lassier.
MISS HELEN DEAN.	
"Nocturne," G Minor, Op. 37, No. 1.....	Chopin.
MISS ABBIE LOOMIS.	
"Minuett Trio,".....	Mozart.
MISSes DEAN, DOW and FOSTER.	

The first year that Prof. Zartman came to us he organized a band of sixty singers to meet regularly Monday evenings at 8 o'clock for an hour's choral practice. Some time was spent on lighter selections, but the great part of the year was devoted to the study of an Oratorio which was rendered at the annual concert in June. Among the Oratorios studied in the different years have been "The Holy City," by and Gaul's "Israel in the Wilderness." The Choral Union has furnished the music for three Commencement concerts.

Aside from his choral work in the College, Prof. Zartman has been leader of the choir in the Presbyterian church ever since coming to Monmouth.

It was thought that the graduating class this June was to have an unprecedented honor conferred upon it in receiving into its membership Miss Abbie Loomis as a graduate from the musical department. But when, within three months of completing her course, it became necessary for Miss Loomis to discontinue her musical studies to the great regret not only of herself, but of the College Faculty and especially the class of '94.

Faithful and painstaking work on the part of both pupils and Professor characterizes the musical department of Monmouth College, and the end is not yet. Speed the day when the number of those receiving diplomas in music shall equal the number graduating with the degrees of A. B. and B. S.



The Christian Union.

President—C. F. WISHART.
Vice President—E. M. CLINGAN.
Secretary—L. JUNIA PARK.
Corresponding Secretary—MAY McCLELLAN.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION is the center about which clusters all the Christian work of the College. The work this year has been very gratifying. The regular meetings of the Union are held the first Sabbath evening of each month. The weekly College prayer-meeting is held on Monday evening. Aside from these, each class, both in the Collegiate and Preparatory departments, holds a prayer-meeting each Wednesday after recitations. Too much importance cannot be attached to these meetings. It is at these meetings that the student receives spiritual strength and is encouraged and fitted for his work.

During the year, Mr. Lyons, of McCormick Seminary, traveling secretary for the Students' Volunteer Band, gave an address before the Christian Union in behalf of Missions.

Mrs. Nichol also gave an address on "Girl Life in India."

The importance of this work and the great need of more laborers was clearly set forth by these addresses. Mr. Lyons organized a missionary class for the purpose of studying the mission fields. India was the field chosen. A missionary library has also been started. Three of our number have offered themselves for the foreign field.

The Bible classes are another interesting feature of our work. These are under the care of a special committee, and are of three kinds—devotional, intellectual and personal workers' classes. There are five devotional classes. The plan followed was that of book study with a view to bringing out most prominently the devotional part of the book. In the intellectual classes, while the study was pursued for the secular knowledge, yet the spiritual was not lost sight of. In truth the most valuable treasures of the Bible will ever remain hidden from those who do not prayerfully seek them out. The personal workers' class studied the methods of Christ and His Apostles in personal work, with a view to direct application of these principles in their own work. Though the members of this class are especially fitted for this work, every Christian student should feel the responsibility of doing personal work, for "faith without works is dead."

The Christian Union is granted honorary representatives in the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. conventions. Four delegates were sent to the Summer Schools for College Students held at Lake Geneva in the summer of '93. The reports of these delegates were full of interest, especially along the line of Bible study.

The officers elected for the following year are W. E. Carson, President; W. R. Gladstone, Vice President; Miss Abbie Robb, Secretary; Miss Eva Smith, Corresponding Secretary. It is the desire to maintain the Christian work of the College during the coming year, and, if possible, to increase the interest.

Senior Class Socials.



WEBSTER terms socials as relating to a general or public interest; relating to society; inclined to associate or converse with others. This may all be very true in a general way, but he gives no definition of "senior socials." Here we find a great omission in his classical composition, and yet why censure him? We conclude that it is past defining, it corresponds with those few phrases whose delineation is beyond words.

A class social is in many ways and at various times a very ordinary affair, but when presented as a Senior class social it assumes a very different light. In order to vindicate the above inadequate definitions permit us to present some vivid illustrations.

In the fall of '93, when the class of '94 had assumed definite proportions and merged into actual existence, one of the first essentials to identification was to have a Senior class social, which was realized through the kindness of Misses Clark and Park, where we were entertained in the usual Senior style. Charades, a short musical program, and "flipping pennies," were chief sources of amusement during the evening.

Later in the term, thirty hearts were made to beat in glad response at the receipt of cards that Miss Norcross would be at home to the class the Friday after Thanksgiving, at which time they promptly reported. The chief feature of the evening was the questions and responses experienced by Shakespeare at the World's Fair, the diversity in the application of which was the source of great amusement.

Soon after the opening of the winter session, with one accord it was decided that the Seniors enjoy another social, an opportunity for which was granted at the home of Miss McClellan, one beautiful snow-clad evening. It is of course understood that at this point in the Senior year this class especially had reached that point when they assume a high degree of formality and dignity. All such games as "Identification," "Blowing out the candle," and "Submission to King and Queen," are things of the past. Now the social becomes a mode for improvement and culture; now the hours are consumed in classical conversation.

One other social event which proved to be one of the most enjoyable of Twenty-second celebrations, and will be remembered with much pleasure by the class, was the party given by Miss Hanna, the twenty-second of February. After attempting to decipher Shakespearean characters from a checkered card we feasted on viands fit for the gods.

So it will be that in retrospect the class of '94 will regard its socials as among the most enjoyable of Senior amusements. We here extend congratulations to the Juniors in behalf of their coming pleasures.

Our Junior Socials.

WHETHER the class room offers sufficient opportunity for social development, or on the other hand interferes with it by its unrelenting demands on our time, might perhaps account for our social condition. At all events, the fact remains that only twice this year has our class met for an evening's enjoyment.

The first time was in October, it having taken until then to discover "who we were." Having made the natural disclosure that we were the *elite* of the College, we felt that it behooved us to accept the invitation of Prof. and Mrs. McMillan, of meeting in their home, and congratulate ourselves on the good fortune of our discovery.

As to the method of entertainment, we felt that we could no longer use the frivolous methods employed by the other under-graduates, but must devote ourselves to something worthy of the time spent. After airing our knowledge, or lack of it, of the leading authors, we left this every-day land and reaching the Orient, devoted ourselves to the Mysteries of Jugglery. That we became proficient in the art we need give but one instance of our use of it.

Although it may sound incredible to the ears of our countrymen, one of our number, by the aid of incantations and other weird processes actually crawled into one of the jugs! So much time had to be spent in getting him back to his former proportions that only a short part of the evening was left. This we felt it would be wise to spend in visiting the Courts of Royalty, in order to show the crowned heads what American aristocracy was. Suffice it to say that in a short time we departed both from royalties' presence and the hospitable doors that had opened for our enjoyment, feeling more than ever the advantage of living in our land of the free with no monarch to insult us.

We did not feel sufficiently recovered from our October's dissipation, until in February we again felt that we could with propriety acknowledge the courtesy of Dr. and Mrs. Waid, and in their parlors once more renew our class acquaintances. We had advanced several stages in the few short months since our last social, as our entertainment committee showed in the arrangement of the program for the evening's amusement, and which the rest of us proved in our quick adoption of the prescribed order of exercises.

Valuable light was thrown not only upon Mathematics, but also Agriculture, as to the harvests of beans a modern parlor will produce if the law of diminishing returns is carefully observed. Feeling that we owed it to ourselves to introduce the Fine Arts into our course, we elected Sculpturing, and although some unappreciative minds might deem the materials used, homely, most beautiful results were nevertheless produced, which are still preserved, awaiting their turn in the British Royal Academy exhibit.

Flushed with success from our last attempt, we have felt that we could settle down to solid work, and now are laboring for the Senior year when, as we understand, we will have leisure to devote ourselves to society.

Sophomore Social.

EARLY in the present year, the Sophomores decided by an overwhelming majority,—in fact, the vote was unanimous,—that the class of '96 was the equal, if not the peer, of any in the College. To celebrate this discovery the entire plurality determined to hold a sociable. Mr. Harry Webb extended the desired invitation for January 24th, 1894.

Nature smiled upon the undertaking:
The night was fine and clear
And the merry Sophs. declared it
The finest of the year.
The merriment went down
Most as low as it could be,
While joy and mirth filled every heart
With boundless ecstasy.

Mr. Webb proved himself an ideal host, and the hours passed most delightfully in his beautiful new home. An Art Gallery was the principal feature of the entertainment. Rare works were catalogued, and the successful guesser of the *chef-d'œuvres* received a beautiful paper knife. Miss Dow and Miss Sexton showed equal knowledge but the casting of the lot gave the pretty silver souvenir to the latter. Mr. Cathcart, inversely fortunate, received some choice parfumerie.

Not the three goddesses but the three athletes contended for the apple, upon which, fortunately, the fate of nations did not hang. The heroes, already crowned with honors bravely won in mile race and on gory football field, gallantly entered the arena and wrestled with those bright red Seek-no-farthens. Mr. Harry Findley gracefully accepted a volume of choice poems as the reward of victory.

The dear, delightful Freshmen, wishing to suitably honor the occasion, bravely dared pneumonia and sore throats and serenaded the class. Under Boreas' frigid blast, the chill stars, and frozen moon, they sang of love and birds and flowers. We are glad to have this opportunity of publicly expressing our thanks and appreciation. Games and refreshments filled up a charming evening, and all too soon came the parting hour.

The distractions of Horace, Demosthenes and Calculus completely allured the 'ninety-sixers until an evening early in the merry month of May. Then Mr. Grant McKnight's pleasant home was opened for their reception. Again there was an enjoyable meeting. Games and witty badinage filled up the fleeting hours. It was a source of much regret that the Freshmen's prolonged interview with the elephant prevented the Sophomores from being again favored with their soul-stirring songs.

These sociables but verified the fondest hope of every Soph. Unquestionably this class could hold its own with any that ever had been or would be.

Freshman Socials.



WHEN in the course of events the social life of the students began to revive and develop into small gatherings, the Freshmen were by no means among the last to be moved by the prevalent spirit. A social we would have, for what could hinder us? There were enough girls to go 'round; the gentlemen were willing, even anxious, to act well their part, and Mr. Lew Wallace had kindly thrown open his doors to us.

The usual preliminary preparations having been gone through, ten o'clock, October 26th, found the Freshman class well represented and indulging in the pleasures of the evening with that ease and refinement peculiar to society leaders. In the midst of our gayety we were surprised to hear what we thought was hail on the window panes, but on reflecting we supposed some of those Sophs. were emptying their pockets of the stray grains that had fallen therein last corn picking. But we were not in the least disturbed by this seeming barbarism, and would have ignored it entirely had they not become so boisterous that it was necessary to inquire into the matter. The committee on investigation was so shamefully received that all the gentlemen of the class went forth to redress the wrong. To a passer-by it would appear that there was a foot-ball game in progress on the lawn. The game was short, but lively, and the overpowering Freshmen rushed toward their goal actually carrying with them the Soph. mile runner. It was not a common thing to see a Soph. at a Fresh. social, and the gentleman appearing bashful, was given plenty of backing, and thus presented to the ladies. But feeling lost in such an assembly he withdrew and ran(?) to seek his hatless companions. The trophies were given to the ladies for safe-keeping, and they thought before that the Sophs. were big headed, but were fully convinced of the fact ever afterwards. Even the Sophs. themselves were compelled to acknowledge it as they humbly looked at their headgear in chapel a few days later.

While this interference was supposed to disturb us, it had the opposite effect. Our loyalty was aroused, and a class yell decided upon.

Having indulged in pleasant conversation for a short(?) time, we at a late hour bade our host adieu, highly appreciating his genial manner toward us.

In our second term all our energies were bent toward a successful banquet, and meeting with the desired success, we feel that the Freshman class has reached a high standard in social life, which we hope we shall maintain throughout our entire course.



"THE FRESHMAN SOCIAL."



Social Clubs.



Hair-Lip Club.



MOTTO—"Cut off my mustache? Oh! ye gods!
I'd sooner lose my ears by odds."

COLORS—"Various, generally black or red.

FOUNDED—When the razor got dull.

MEETS—The girls request us to keep it dark.

FACULTY—Tonsorial Professor—J. W. Clendenin.
Hirsute Professor—Birt Miller.
Associate Professor—F. W. Skinner

PUPILS—(Upper Lip)—J. C. Beitel, E. McClintock, R. H. Rockwell, C. A. Wiley,
A. G. Choat, J. E. Campbell, G. M. McKnight, E. F. Kimmelshue
(Lower Lip)—D. M. Moore, E. E. Jones.

The "Musical Mozarts."



"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

"The man that hath no music in his soul nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

S. W. MCKELVEY, Flutist Soloist and Violinist Virtuosoist.

"Music hath charms to smooth the savage breast: to soften rocks or bend a knotted oak"

J. C. HAMILTON, Slidest Trombonist and Ocarinist.

"A thousand melodies unheard before."

R. H. McCracken, Cornetist Sololist and Banjoist.

"He turns their savage eyes into a modest gaze by the sweet power of music."

F. K. COLLINS, Violoncelloist and Harpistist.



The Mae Family.



Rapid Haircurler McCracken—General Manager
Tax Collector McCracken—Derrick Manager.
Right Man McCracken—Stage Director.
Just Sanspariel McCracken—First Violinist.
Another Juvenile McCracken—Second Violinist
Every Moment McQuiston—Prima Donna.
Nice Messmate McQuiston—Pianist.
Jolly Associate McGaughey—Bazooist,
Hilarious McGaughey—Apolloist.
Mysterious McClellan—Triangler.
Everlasting Skeptic McClellan—Cornetist.
Hocus-pocus McCrery—Whistlerist.

Many Minded McCrery—Melodist.
Figurehead McMillan—Base Drumist.
Harmonious McMillan—Snare Drumist.
Every-day McClintock—Tromboner.
Likely-to-stay McClintock—Lyrist.
Nothing Rash McConnell—Juice Harperist.
Erroneous Messenger McConnell—Xenophonist.
Anonymous McCrery—Mandolinist.
Lovely McGill—French Harperist.
Jubilant McAlister—Demijohnist
Smooth Wiskered McKelvey—Flutist.
Grand Mogul McKnight—Conductor.

For full particulars, address

THE MACEDONIAN INSTITUTE OF TECH.,
124 Macadamized street, Monmouth, Ill.
Or per route.

The Anagram Club.



Amidst the howling wilderness and labyrinthine mazes of curricular tribulations and trials, like the dulcet murmuring thud of hallowe'en pumpkin against a professor's door, came the grave and momentous question, "Is life a ponderous delusion, a great two-by-four failure? If not, why not? If not, what's a Collège without it's proper contingency of fun?" Echo thundered, "Why not!" And the answer came back by one certain twelve persons from the seven corners of Gog and Magog—"If not, why not?"

In order to put this brilliant platonic into a practical utilitarian form, these aforesaid twelve persons formed themselves into a congenial coterie which they termed and styled the $\triangle-5-12$ (Do they miss me at home.)

Progressive Anagram Club consisting of:—

Misses Junia Park,	Lula Webber,	Eda Dean,	Rene Struthers,	Theo. Sexton,	Eva Graham, and
Messrs R H. McCrakin,	D. M. Stewart,	J. A. McGaughey,	J. C. Hamilton,	W. T. Graham, and	F. J. Soule.

Upon Joe, Hamilton devolved the grave responsibility of President, while everybody was Secretary and Treasurer. For the two reasons that the minutes to be recorded were mostly hours, and that the transcendent generosity of the girls furnished the places to meet, and while the great outer world was fretting and chafing under the solution of the grave life problems, this self-same club kept straight on in the even tenor of its way, "playing anagrams and saying nothing," with a supereminent degree of philosophical benefit and world-wide harvest of amusement. After a not very serious series Misses Park and Struthers tied for first place, while, on the other side, after a proper number of adjustments of vowels in the sleeves and other like prerequisites, Soule and Stewart came out in the order named.

Der Deutsche Verein.

„Schritt für Schritt: Tag für Tag.“

FRAULEIN CLEMENTINE CALVIN—DIRECTR'ER.

Fraulein Calvin	„Wo ist Herr Hamilton heute.“
Herr McCrackin		„Ich war gestern sehr krank.“
Herr Gladstone		„Wie be finden Sie sich.“
Fraulein McAllister	„Es ist Keine Zeit zu ver lieren.“
Herr Campbell		„Ich reisteh'e es nicht.“
Herr Findley		„Wo fur halten Sie mich.“
Herr Hamilton		„Dieser ist meiner Tag “
Herr Thompson		„Das ist gening “
Herr Clendenin		„Ich thir sehr mude.“
Fraulein Clark	„Ich habe meine Lection nicht gelerut.“

Mam Social Society.



MOTTO:—“Give Me your Best and I’ll go it Alone.”



Password: { “The blinds are closed, the door is bolted,
The table is cleared, the cards well jolted.”



OFFICERS:—

Great Grand Master of the Deck
Most Worthy Shuffler
Right Worthy Right Bower
Presto Passer
Officious Custodian of the Score
Guardian of the Back Door ..

Wily Prestidigitator Cooley.
Won't Stack-the-Cards Wallace.
Ringleader Murphy.
Will High-five Campbell,
Jurisprudent Counting Beitel.
Continuously Fighting Wishart.

College Colors.

Amherst—White and Purple.
Boston—White and Scarlet.
Bowdoin—White.
Brown—Brown.
Colby—Gray.
College of City of New York—Lavender.
Columbia—Blue and White.
Cornell—Red and White.
Dartmouth—Green.
Davidson—Pink and Blue.
Dickenson—Red and White.
Franklin and Marshall—Blue and White.
Georgetown—Blue and Gray.
Hamilton—Pink.
Harvard—Crimson.
Illinois—White and Blue.
Kenyon—Mauve.
Knox—Old Gold and Royal Purple.
Lafayette—Maroon and White.
Lake Forest—Ruby Red and Black.
Lehigh—Blue and White.
Maine State—Blue and Brown.
Massachusetts Institute Tech.—Cardinal and Gray.

Monmouth—Red and White.
New York University—Violet.
Princeton—Orange and Black.
Rensselaer Poly. Institute—Cherry.
Rutgers—Scarlet.
Stevens Inst. Tech.—Cardinal and Gray.
Syracuse—Pink and Blue.
Tarkio—Purple and Cream.
Trinity—Green and White.
Tufts—Blue and Brown.
Union—Garnet.
University of California—Blue and Gold.
University of Illinois—Black and Gold.
University of Michigan—Maize and Blue.
University of Pennsylvania—Blue and Red.
University of Rochester—Blue and Gray.
University of Virginia—Cardinal and Gray.
Vassar—Rose, Pink and Silver.
Wesleyan—Lavender.
Western Reserve—Purple and Bismark.
Williams—Purple.
Yale—Blue.

College Annuals.



Alleghany—"Alleghanian."
Amherst—"Ohio."
Brown—"Liber Brunensis."
Colby—"Oracle."
Colgate—"Salmagundi."
College of City of New York—"Microcosm."
Columbia—"Columbiad."
Cornell—"Cornellian."
Dartmouth—"Egis."
Dickenson—"Minutal."
Hamilton—"Hamiltonian."
Harvard—"Index."
Kenyon—"Reveille."
Knox—"Gale."
Lafayette—"Melange."
Lehigh—"Epitome."
Lake Forest—"Forester."
Maine State—"Pendulum."
Marietta—"Mariettan."
Massachusetts Inst. Tech.—"Technique."
Middlebury—"Kaleidoscope."
Monmouth—"RAVELINGS."
Muhlenberg—"Souvenir."

Northwestern—"Syllabus."
Ohio State—"Mokio."
Ohio Wesleyan—"Bijon."
Pennsylvanian College—"Arcana."
Princeton—"Brie-a-Brac."
Rensselaer Poly. Inst.—"Transit."
Rutgers—"Eccentric."
Syracuse—"Syracusan: Onandagan."
St. Lawrence—"Gridiron."
Trinity—"Ivy."
Troy Poly. Inst.—"Transit."
Tufts—"Brown and Blue."
Union—"Garnet."
University of California—"Blue and Gold."
University of Michigan—"Palladium."
University of Pennsylvania—"Record."
University of Rochester—"Interpres."
University of Wisconsin—"Badger."
Wesleyan—"Olla Podrida."
Western Reserve—"Reserve."
Williams—"Gallienmension."
Wooster—"Index."
Yale—"Banner: Pot Pourri."

Caught on the Fly.



Dr. McMichael—"Are you going to be in College next year, Webb?"

Harry: (emerging from a severe fit of giggles in his handkerchief)—"I think I shall go to Vassar!"

First Junior Girl: (anxiously)—What is the matter with Delos Hogue, he looks like he had received a mortal injury?"

Second Junior Girl: (gleefully)—"Prof. Graham has positively forbidden him looking at the girls in class room."

"Why is Mattie Story like a wine bibber?"

"She is addicted to the Glass."

GIRLS' WAITING ROOM. 2d hour. The Prep. Girl: (in open-eyed wonder)—"What does Lillian write so hard at every day, this hour?"

Second Prep. Girl: (knowingly)—"I expect you had better ask Mr. Clingan."

Mail Carrier of East Monmouth to Postmaster—"I tell you it is an imposition! an outrage on all humanity! Miss Pattison, Robb and Mr. Skinner, all on one route! They will have to be divided, or I will give up my position."

Prof. Rogers—"Findley, what's the matter with this Calculus?"

The question needs no answer, for Harry is absently humming, "I was seeing Nellie home."

Mary Hagey—"Can't we have gems for breakfast, Miss C.?"

Miss C.—"What kind would you like?"

Harry—"Graham gems, if you please."

"Why is Elda Torrence like Oliver Twist?"

"She wants Moore."

Mrs. Hunter—"Where do you get your eggs?"

Mrs. Porter—"Our boys go to Alexis for their fresh(?) eggs."

Frank Smith—"I wonder if somebody doesn't want a second-hand tuning fork, cheap?"

An Afflicted Serenaded One—"I think, maybe, John Findley and Mr. Henry need one."

Prof. McMillan to Doctor—"I have at last caught the Soph. culprits who stole the books! Just whom I suspected! Mr. Henry, Charley Waddle, Miss Robb and Pattison. And the mischief doesn't stop there! I understand they are the leaders of a gang, Nell and Jean Oliver, Myra Pattison and Grace Acheson, which have been performing petty thefts! Some action must be taken in mediately."

Favorite Songs.



Frank Smith—"I was Seeing Nellie Home."
Chas. Wishart—"No One to Love."
Mr. Cooley—"Bye, Baby, Bye."
Harry Findley—"My Bonnie Jean."
Sara Norcross—"Would I Were With Thee."
Grant McKnight—"Listen to the Mocking Bird."
Will Pinkerton—"Wait Till the Clouds Roll by, Jennie."
Florence Jones—"Miller Boy."
McKelvey—"Darling Bess."
Clingan—"The Lilly of the Valley."
Eva Smith—"The Cambells are Coming."
Moore—"Skip to My Lou."
Gertrude Duff—"Over the Waters to Charley."
Henry—"Precious Jewel."
Frank Soule—"Goodbye, Susan Jane."
Ed Findley—"Tired."





BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

EL-E-J-N-S: A most excellent wash for the teeth is Camphor Tooth Paste, manufactured at 6720 Sherman street, Englewood, Illinois.

J. M. C-THC-RT: Your question came too late to receive an answer in the last issue of the RAVELINGS. The scarf pin should be worn in the cravat.

H-R-I-T CH-M-E-L-N: It is not customary, even at a very swell wedding, to have more than six bridesmaids. The veil should be white. Orange blossoms are sometimes dispensed with. It would scarcely be considered in good taste to wear the bride's veil on the wedding tour.

E. M. CL-N-AN: There will be railroad excursions between Elmwood and Monmouth every three weeks during the summer months.

B-RT MI-L-R: The pamphlet you ask for is published by Ticknor & Son, 511 Broad street, New York City, and gives valuable hints on the preparation required for running mile heats.

G. N. McK-N-I-B: You can secure a first-class interlinear on Horace's Odes and Satires from D. W. Hogue, East Broadway, this city.

E-A McQ-I-T-N: Violets are the language of love. Your man friend, in presenting you with a bunch of them, delicately expressed his regard.

P-A-L CL-R-E: The new style toe slipper is usually worn on the foot—either the right or left foot.

RE-S PH-L-S: The Monmouth College RAVELINGS is a very fine annual, published at Monmouth, Ill.

J. E. CM-B-LL: From your description of yourself we would judge you to be a very fine foot ball player and would advise you to continue in a team.

H-R-Y HA-E-Y: The Mississippi is a small stream flowing east of Davenport, Iowa. Custom dictates that the giver of an engagement ring should place it upon the third finger of the left hand of his betrothed.

J. A. McG-T-H-Y: We would have answered your question sooner, but could obtain no information on the subject. We have at last learned that Lake Forest is a small town twenty miles north of Chicago. It is noted for nothing in particular as far as we could find out.

R-L-H GR-H-M: Johnson Bros., of Madison street, Boston, make a great reduction on tuning forks to those purchasing by the dozen.

C-R-I-S ST-V-N-ON: Your questions are answered as follows: Columbus discovered America. The World's Fair was held at Chicago in 1893. Koenig's Corn Salve, sold at all good druggists, is a sure cure for bunions. The valedictory should be delivered in a Prince Albert coat.

W. H. CA-P-E-L: You can probably secure the position you desire by registering with a reliable teachers' agency.

W-LL C'L-N-E-IN: The Raven is a poem written by Edgar Allen Poe.

N-LL H-R-IN: It is very important from the stand point of good looks that the gentleman to whom you are engaged should be about the same height as yourself.

J-N-E MCAL-IS-ER: Your hair is a very pretty brown, and dark shades of green will be becoming to you. H Rider Haggard wrote She.

FO-T-R Co-L-XS: Yes. Ohio is a State in the Union.

A-N WA-L-CE: It would scarcely be appropriate to wear your diamond necklace during study hours in the morning.

M-R-HA W-L-S-X: Do not despair at your height. Little women are considered especially attractive.

R-B McC-A-K-N: It would not be advisable for you to wear eye-glasses unless your eyes are weak. The present fad for glasses will probably not last long.

F-ED SC-M-NK: From the taste which your letter would indicate that you possess, we do not think you would be successful in the undertaking business.

SC-U-L-B LIV-N-S-ON: The book you desire is "How to Propose." It is on sale at all booksellers, and is very suggestive.

G-R-B-DE D-FF: A copy of Love's Labor Lost will make a suitable birthday gift to the man whose attentions you say are disagreeable to you.

AL-CE SA-S-X-N: Bread and milk poultices are recommended to make the hands soft and white. We would suggest that they be applied at night.

TH-O S-X-ON: "After the Ball" and "And the Cat Came Back," are not found in any list of classical music that we have examined.

A-XA SP-X-E: Dotted Swiss makes very pretty Commencement dresses, and gives an air of simplicity to the sweet girl graduate.

LA-HA MCG-LE: We cannot advise the unlimited use of cosmetics. Pure, nice powder, used sparingly, imparts a pleasing freshness to the complexion.

Dr. (lecturing to Senior class)—“There are a great number of metaphysicians. Kant, Locke, Brown, Reed and——”

Junia (behind her hand to Pearl)—“I like Hamilton best, though.”

Place: Spriggs' boot and shoe store.

Dealer—“What kind of a shoe do you want Miss Harper?”

Jennie (timidly)—“Kimmelslue, if you please.”

Place: East Broadway. Circumstances: Six girls eating caramels and discussing the future.

Lillian Ferguson—“I intend to marry a minister, don't you, Florence?”

Florence (blushing furiously)—“No, I prefer a——a——Miller.”

Arthur McCracken to Bert Miller—“See here, Bert, your conduct is actually unscriptural.”

Bert—“I know it, old fellow, but I positively cannot help taking thought for the Morrow.”

Time: First day of spring term, first hour after chapel. Place: Prof. Roger's room. Circumstances: Class in calculus have left their books at home to get out of reciting.

Prof.—“Class, open your books to the lesson.”

(The class looks dismayed. Regnier, rising to the emergency, opens a small note book and gazes at it intently.)

Prof. (perceiving the situation through the back of his head)—“Regnier, read in Article 253 and tell us what is a function.”

Regnier (in confusion)—“I can't find the place, professor.”

“Next,” says the professor, while a smile plays around those two remaining hairs on his bald spot.

A. B. L. hall. Sentimental discussion on the question, “Resolved, that there is more happiness derived from pursuit than possession.”

Rising vote is called for. It is noticed that four Senior girls vote in the negative.

Favorite flower of

Lew Wallace—Daisy.

Harry Hagey—Graham.

Elda Torrance to Anna Wallace—“How very classical Ruth is getting. Why, she reads Homer all the time.”

Place: Graham's dry goods store.

Salesman—“Here is a very nice pair of Centimeri kid gloves, Miss Clarke. Would this make suit you?”

Pearl (haughtily)—“I wish Foster, please.”

Lorimer to McKnight—“Why is Webb like Petrarch?”

McKnight—“Don't know, unless it is because both wrote sonnets to Laura.”

Place: Chapel. Time: Day after election at close of devotional exercises.

Students (vociferously)—“Speech! speech! speech!”

Dr. McM.—“I haven’t anything to say, gentlemen.”

Second hour: Senior class in Hebrew.

Prof. McMillan—“Give the piel perfect, third sing. mas. of the paradigm verb.”

Miss McQuiston (doubtfully)—“Kat tel.”

Prof.—“What comes before cat?”

Miss McQuiston (promptly and in a relieved tone)—“Oh! kit tel.”

Prof. jots down a 9.

Harriet C.—“It is my intention to furnish my table exclusively in Haviland China.”

May McC. (emphatically)—“I shan’t! Glass is ever so much nicer.”

Alice P. to Jimmie M.—“Wish I were a bird!”

Jimmie (radiantly)—“How would you like to be a Martin?”

Favorite Bible characters of

May McClellan—“Samson.”

Howard Bratton—“Ruth.”

Pearl Pollard—“John.”

Rena Struthers—“Joseph.”

Fannie Graham—“Hiram.”

Elmer Jones—“Martha.”

Fred Madden—“Adah.”

Homer McMillan—“Mary.”

Time: April.

Sabbath School Teacher to Miss Park—“What is there that particularly impresses you in the Sabbath school lessons of this month?”

Junia (unhesitatingly)—“Joseph.”

John Findley to Hester—“Tell you what, talking of gems, I prefer Pearl every time.”

Pinkerton to Longcor—“When you want recreation and pleasure, there’s nothing like repairing to a quiet Glenn for it.”

Things We Don't Know.



Why Hagey stands in with the faculty.
Why Cooley sold the copyright on Webster.
Why McKelvey joined the fire company.
Why Prof. Swan didn't resign.
What happened to the bell last fall.
Why the Freshmen (boys) went to the Sophomore social at Mr. Webb's.
How McKnight happened to be caught on the campus by the Freshmen about 3 o'clock, a. m.
How the Sanspareil club hitching post moved across the sidewalk.
Who frescoed the chairs.
Why Mrs. Speer's roomers were fired.
Why so many girls occupied the boxes at the Lake Forest Glee club.

Why J. E. Campbell's tackle wasn't recorded.
Why W. H. Campbell calls on doctor so often.
Why Cathcart was wakened up at midnight.
Why Kimmelshne had a sore finger. [NOTE: We have afterwards learned that his Greek pony stepped on it.]
Why a certain class looked so intently at Doctor Wallace's picture in chapel, March 9.
Why Miss Dow wanted the Juniors to beat the Seniors playing ball.
Why Clingan mourns his departure from the Maple City.
Who it was that stole—[NOTE: We have since found out that it was Downie. The clue to his identification was his cap.]

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding 30 words will be charged 25 cents for three insertions or less. Payable strictly in advance.

WANTED—

Preliminary contest—Schuyler Livingston.

To be thought a foot ball player—J. E. Campbell.

A first-class Chamberlain—Any one giving assistance in procuring the same will be suitably recompensed by Will Longcor.

To be off the devotional committee—Anna Wallace.

A copy of Pilgrims Lost—F. W. Schmunk.

All the laboratory work I can get from the students—Prof. Maxwell.

The names of the recreants who hoisted the hats. Persons supplying the same will be liberally rewarded by the Sophomores.

The abolition of Mathematical Review—Freshmen.

To be thought a heart smasher—Fannie Graham.

A cinque club—W. S. Regnier.

Information regarding a good system of memory training. System should make a specialty of girls' names—W. J. Pinkerton.

Somebody to return my affections—Martin, Madden, Hogue, McGaughey and Skinner.

Jones' flag—Doctor.

Catheart's wishbone—Wallace, Webb, Wishart.

Wallace's wishbone—Catheart, Webb, Wishart.

Webb's wishbone—Catheart, Wallace, Wishart.

Wishart's wishbone—Catheart, Wallace, Webb.

A good photograph of the 50-yard dash at Galesburg. Will give \$500 to any one furnishing me with the same J. V. Black.

A glimpse of C(o)urtes(y)—Effa McConnellee.

Thirty texts on Tacitus—Prof. McMillan.

Less (?) Strain on my mind—Sara Norcross.

A partner to take half interest in a home. Must have a loving heart and be willing to take an active interest. No Irish need apply—D. W. Hogue, East Broadway.

A copy of Oliver-twist—Albert Henry.

An original idea. Six sesterces to the one who will furnish the same to the "Gag" editors of the RAVELINGS.

LOST—

On South Third street between First and Second avenue, my heart. Finder please communicate with Duncan Moore.

My voice. Finder will please seal it up in a pig skin envelope and direct to W. P. Cooley.

The lights at Altheorean open meeting. Don't do that again, Freshies.

Our foot ball reputation, Nov. 11, '93—Knox College. [NOTE: Monmouth has found it and intends to keep it.]

STOLEN—

From the rooms of the undersigned, on the night of February 27, five pair of ice cream pants. Ten mills will be given to anyone returning the same or apprehending the thieves. Miller, Miller, Moore, Bratton and Cook.

The old reliable rocking chair. "Please let me have it, Alice"—Geo. Niblock.

Prof. Wilson's desk. A year's tuition is offered to any one who will catch the rogues.

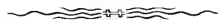
FOR SALE—

A choice collection of text books on Cicero and Tacitus. Please call at our private rooms—Freshmen.

A ticket for the next lecture—John Downie. [He had just heard from his invitation.]

Senior dignity. None but Juniors need apply. Terms reasonable. Inquire at RAVELINGS office.

Standard Authorities.



On Bugs	J. C. Beitel
On High five	W. H. Bratton.
On Bible References	Fred McMillan
On Oratory	A. G. Choat
On Fashions	Anna Hall.
On Spring Trousers	Sophomores.
On Campaign Hats	W. L. Regnier
On Love	C. R. Stevenson.
On Chemistry	A. J. McCrackin.
On Foot-ball	J. E. Campbell.
On Theaters	Lancor.
On Prayer-meeting Topics	C. T. Schenck.
On The Near Future	Bert Miller.
On Physical Development	George Niblock
On Pearls	W. H. Campbell.
On Tennis	Lillian Ferguson
On The Odes of Horace	Interliners.
On Graham Bread	H. H. Hagey
On The RAVELINGS	Other Annuals

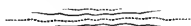


College Dictionary.



- "*Chewing the Rag*"—Vigorous discussion in order to hide disappointment. Applied to one of two classes at end of class conflict.
- "*Collared*,"—Taken to sudden account for misdeeds by Prof. Rogers.
- "*A Bird*,"—A Sophomore
- "*Rattled*,"—A term applied to a Prep. attempting his first osculation
- "*Strapped*,"—The condition of the pocket-book which prompts a hasty letter to Papa
- "*Fixed*,"—The feelings of a Freshman when his invitation has just been accepted for the next lecture.
- "*Solid*"—Superlative of "fixed," The condition of affairs when no others need apply.
- "*Loaded*"—I'prepared for recitation.
- "*Faked*,"—The transposition of the Senior hats at their last social.
- "*Scheme*,"—A deep laid plot to harass the Faculty, steal the bell, or unfurl to the zephyrs an unblemished flag.
- "*Scrap*,"—The conjunction of two hostile classes
- "*To Send In*,"—To transmit a mission requiring an answer before some coming event.
- "*Knocked His Eye Out*,"—A perfect recitation in Prof. McMillen's room.
- "*Fired*,"—An exit from Prof. Wilson's room.
- "*Flunked*,"—"Not prepared, Prof "
- "*Swiped*,"—Seniors 4, Sophomores 14.
- "*Worked*,"—The process used in causing a person to join the Society he does not want to.
- "*Hot*,"—The condition of the RAVELINGS' manager when the Preps daily ask him when the annual will be out.

Quotations.



- W. P. Co-L-Y: "A bold bad man,"
- W. J. P-NK-RT-N: "I am the very Pink of courtesy."
- G-RTR-DE D-FE: "Too fair to worship; too divine to love."
- D-L-S H-GUE: "He had a head which stauaries loved to copy."
- H. H. H-G-Y: "We call it only pretty Fanny's way."
- K. W. L-V-NGST-N: "I shall be like that tree. I shall die at the top."
- FR-D M-M-LL-N: "I'll put a girdle 'round about the earth in forty minntes."
- L-TA GL-NN: "As chaste as unsuanned snow."
- B-RD-E S-MS-N: "The feet that creeping slow to school went storming out at playing."
- J. W. CL-ND-N-N: "Blessings on thee, little man "
- W. M. L-R-M-R: "As he thinketh in his heert, so is he."
- E. M. CL-NG-N: "Thou art Waid in the balance and art found wanting."
- L-LL--N F-RG-S-N: "She sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?"
- C. R. ST-V-NS-N: "I have enjoyed the happiness of this world. I have lived and have loved,"
- J-NN-- H-EP-R: "Always patient, gentle and kind,"
- W. M. C--K: "Consider the Lil(l)ies of the field,"
- FR-NK SOUL: "How long, O Lord, how long."
- B-RT M-LL-R: "Good night! good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night 'till it be
Morrow."
- EFF- McC-NN-LL--: "Love while 'tis day; night cometh soon wherein no man or maiden may."
- W. L. R-GN--R: "And we meet, with champaign and a chicken, at last,"
- L-LL--N W--D: "She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen "
- J. V. BL--K: "Much ado about nothing "
- J. E. C-MP--LL: "What shall I do to be ever known;
And make the age to come my own."
- FRESHMAN: "A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse."
One on Lysias preferred.
- ID- W-LLS: "And I oft have heard defended,
Little said is soonest mended,"
- E. F. K-MM-LSH-U: "And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side."
- MISSES F-RG-S-N, J-N-S and W-LS-N: "When shall we three meet again?"
- D-UC-N M--RE: "Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knEll(da) That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell!"
- AL--E S-MS-N: "Is she not more than painters can express?"
- L-D- H-N-A: "A still small voice."
- W. E. C-RS-N: "Behind a frowning providence
He hides a shining face."
- E. E. J-N-S and Doc.: "We met--'twas in a crowd."
- W. B. W-R: "The sunshine came along with him."
- H-ST-R MCG-U-H-Y: "Do you not know that I am a woman? When I think I must speak."
- ST-W-RT: "He makes a solitude and calls it peace."

R-LPH R-Y: "A perpendicular little cuss."

M-RTH- W-LS-N: "Oh, thou art fairer than the evening
air,

Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

L-LL- -NMcCL-NT- -K: "O grave, where is thy Victor(y)?"

R B- -TB-RNS-D: "He hath a lean and hungry look."

J. C. H-M-LT-N: "If music be the food of love, play on."

C. W. W-D-L-: "He loves his books."

L-R-NA M-L- -R: "And certain stars shot madly from
their spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music,"

TH- -S-XT-N: "Her air, her manners, all who saw ad-
mired,"

C. F. W-SH-RT: "He hath a daily beauty in his life."

H. L. W-BB: "A tongue chained up without a sound."

P- -RL CL-RR: "Pearl of great price."

F. W. S-HM-NK: "And when he laughed methought an ass
did bray."

W. R. GL-DST-N-: "Good fellow! Manly fellow! And he
was so manly, too!"

EV- SM-TH: "Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the
Soul(e)."

AL-C- S-ANSER Y: "Love sought is good, but given un-
sought is better."

PREPS.: "Who cares to speak of Ninety-Eight?"

J. C B-IT-L: "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity
finer than the staple of his argument "

M-RV ST-RR-TT: "Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her
eye."

W. A B-AL-: "A head to let - unfurnished."

L-UR- D-w: "With all her faults we love her still."

S. W. McK-LV-Y: "His brow is always thoughtful."

R. H. McC- -K-N: "And he was not right fat."

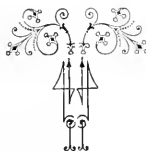
J. M. C-TH- -RT: "A man richly endowed by nature."

BL-N-H M-RR-w: "How beautiful beyond compare."

C. T. S-H-N-K: "I am not on the roll of common men."

A- -A H- -L: "Oh, you too, are awful mild."

CHORUS: "My life is one demd horrid grind."



Chronology.



SEPT.

1. Duncan Moore purchases patent leathers preparatory to starting for Monmouth.
2. Currie buys a necktie preparatory to the same.
3. Everybody attends the home church and S. S., and bids pastor and friends good-bye for nine months.
4. In the privacy of his own room in Independence, Ed. Findley vows he will propose to the prettiest girl in the Junior class.
5. The first batch of new students is initiated into the mysteries of entrance examinations.
6. Everybody goes to chapel exercises. Old students look jolly and worldly wise; new students anxious and scared.
7. The Seniors receive. Everybody is introduced to everybody, and everybody forgets everybody's name, even his own.
8. Literary societies convene. F. D. Smith speaks "Sam's Letter," and Ecceitane ascendancy is assured.
9. Thompson finds he is dead broke, and hasn't made the acquaintance of the treasurer either.
10. Rockwell goes to church.
11. Findley can't decide which is the prettiest girl in the Junior class, and becomes a victim of melancholia forthwith.
12. Gladstone dons eye-glasses.
13. Seniors have a called meeting to discuss ways and means of obtaining more dignity.
14. Pinkerton makes a pun, and is not able to be out of bed for a week after.
15. Niblock persuades the down on his upper lip to venture forth a 65th of an inch farther.
16. Bratton believes he has a call to the ministry.
17. A. B. Ls have a scrap. Every girl in society wants to be elected to have charge of the banner.
18. Jimmie Martin thinks it is Sabbath and remains at home, and commits the book of Acts.
19. Charlie Waddle practices a solo. During the week following "House to Rent" appears on every domicile in the neighborhood.
20. Day 24 hours long, as usual.
21. John Findley neglects to say "thank you," when the hash is passed to him at breakfast. On motion he is suspended from the club for three days.
22. George Mitchell gets caught in an equinoctial shower, but as he hasn't studied astronomy he thinks it is a common, every-day rain and consequently is not hurt.
23. Hugh Speer uncorks a bottle of hair-dye and takes the first application.

24. Leta Glenn, after mature deliberation, comes to the conclusion that nature designed her for an actress.
25. Abbie Robb loses her temper. Advertises in the *Annex* for its return. Speer's hair dye won't dye, and he resigns himself to the inevitable.
26. Abbie Robb gets her temper back again. Moral: Advertise in an enterprising paper like the *Annex*.
27. Miss Jones has no appetite.
28. Joe Hamilton sits up till midnight and makes a schedule of the girls he is going to invite to the lecture course.
29. Will Regnier buys a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, takes one dose, loses that tired feeling and gets down to study in dead earnest.
30. Hamilton loses his schedule and can't remember whom he was to ask for the first lecture.

OCT.

1. Vic. Black gave two cents collection.
2. Prof. Maxwell gives the Seniors a lecture on the little word of three letters—lie.
3. Juniors under Miss Calvin's instruction rapidly advance in the Terpsichorean art.
4. Logan plays ball at Galesburg.
5. The Monmouth boys with the Galesburg girls attend the inter-collegiate banquet.
6. Wishart, the hero of the night
7. Wishart takes the cake.
8. Everyone sleeps late.
9. Johnny gets his hair cut.
10. Tommy G. breaks a rib.
11. Bible class.
12. All engagements—but one—hold over for Gun-saulus' lecture.
13. Great event at Olmsteads' Mills.
14. Great Strain on Miss Norcross' nerves ended.
15. Frank Smith spends the day in giving the Columbian guards "pointers."
16. J. E. Campbell's beauty vanishes beyond recollection.
17. Many of the students entertained by Miss Dean.
18. Freshman and Sophomore hat rush in chapel.
20. Joe attends college.
21. Nutting parties.
22. Walter Cooley goes to Sunday school.
23. Mr. Clingan takes Miss Waid to prayer-meeting.
24. Juniors hold a social and attend a bonfire on the campus.
26. Freshmen's knock-down and drag-out at Lew Wallace's.

NOV.

1. McGaughey arrives.
2. Sophomore hats suddenly appear in chapel.
4. Monmouth beats St. Albans at foot ball—16-4.
6. A sweet Strain heard at prayer-meeting.
7. Logan laments that he is not appreciated by the professors.
8. Seniors' morals tested.
9. Sara and Curtis flunk in metaphysics.
10. Noble fifteen spread their white wings and fly to Mrs. Gates'.
11. Monmouth vs. Knox, won foot ball—18-0. Where, O! where, did the Knox banquet go.
12. Die Schüler Schlafen.
13. Collins appears bereft of his moustache.
14. Backbone discussed by Dr. Henson.
15. Fred Madden goes to class prayer-meeting.
17. Sophs on a strike.
18. Clendenin, McKelvey and Hamilton go to the Mississippi on a hunting expedition: shoot big game.
19. Rockwell goes to church.
20. Who stole the keys?

21. Prof. Graham entertained by the eloquence of the Juniors.
25. Another victory for Monmouth in foot ball.
27. E(very) E(vening) Jones and Miss W. attend the entertainment.
28. Chapel chairs painted turkey red.
29. Freshies refresh the inner man in chapel.
30. Every student gives thanks at the home of his best girl.

DEC.

1. Seniors sing rounds at Sara Norcross'.
2. Job has arove.
3. Laura Dow immersed in McQuiston's fish pond; Harry F. rescued her from a watery grave.
4. Foot ball is over.
5. Tommy and Johnny hold a council of war over two boys.
7. Every boy with two feet between him and his girl go on a sleigh ride to Kirkwood.
10. Junia Park and Callison depart for their homes in Missouri.
11. Dearlove and Longcor arrive from Lake Forest.
13. Eva "grants" the favor and burns the midnight oil.
15. Wire pulling and election in A. B. L.
17. Hagey saunters up Ninth street.

JAN.

9. Spring term begins. Logan has his side whiskers curled.
10. "Gettin' down to biz." Ponies dusted up. Doctor evolves a new chapel speech.
11. C. U. social. Hilarious chapel grind.
12. Grand combined society hippodrome in chapel; Miss Liggett and McGaughey expire on the stage; Miss Waid and Phelps rival Daniel Webster; Miss Nichol and Campbell fight a duel, while Miss Chamberlin and Black render the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet.

15. Pinkerton goes to see his best girl; gets to the door and forgets her name; tells landlady to send down "one of the girls;" best girl and her roommate draw cuts; best girl wins; Pink happy.
15. Pinkerton gets home from seeing his best girl.
16. Eccritean death bed scenes. John Findley scoops the judges with "Pilot's Story."
24. Day of prayer for colleges. Old Borcas goes on a tear and refrigerates the atmosphere till the blow pipe flame in the laboratory freezes up.

FEB.

1. Senior social; girls blow out lights; boys beat a retreat.
2. Flag race. Jones wins.
3. Sophomore social; Freshman serenade "on the side;" Freshies get ears frost bitten.
4. Y. M. C. A. social; basket ball; town wipes the earth with college.
6. Wars and rumors of wars; Cooley takes to the woods.
7. The conflict theepens and dickens. No, we mean deepens and thickens.
8. Thunderbolt falls.
9. Pow wow in Y. M. C. A.; eloquence and brimstone in the air. "Job" scents the bottle from afar and starts to college again.
10. Love feast in chapel; 13th chapter of Corinthians read by Dr. Dean; grand transformation scene by students, "now you see 'em and now you don't." Schenck comes to the front—when the danger is all over.
12. White winged angel of peace begins to brood again; students and faculty kiss and make up; Job quits school again; era of love; everybody goes to see his best girl.
15. Philo "Saw-the-air-and-tear-yer-lungs" in chapel. Choate wins, with Jamison at his heels.

16. Albert Henry grows despondent. Is heard to mutter, "I would sell myself for a Nichol."
19. The Doctor takes Senior boys out star gazing. Can't find the moon; after one-half hour's diligent search discovers that the cap is over the lens.
20. Jimmy Martin concludes he is getting too sporty; decides to abandon late hours, wine and women.
22. Seniors banquet at Dr. Hanna's: Freshies at Hodgens'; Sophs. at — at home.
23. Annual rush fails to materialize. Reason — Freshies afraid, Sophomores daresn't.
26. Phelps makes a mistake in reading Greek. Johnny faints.
27. McMillan has on attack of acute paresis of the brain: cause: too much pony riding.

MARCH.

1. Prelim. Carson in the swim! All the girls are "jes wrapped up in him."
5. Sophs. come into chapel much exhausted. Their pants are heard all over the room.
6. Sophs. rest easier. Pants all gone.
7. Large consignment of Mellins' Infant Food received. Turned over to the Preps.
9. McLaughly applies for membership in A. B. L. Black balled.
12. Juniors encounter Seniors in lower hall. Fragments of 17 Juniors swept out by janitor.
15. Frank Smith gets to the top of his voice, falls off and breaks a rib.
16. Miss Sampson buys "Livingstone's Travels in South Africa."
19. Well attended meeting of Annex Joint Stock Company. "Annex Benefit" proposed. Opposed by Hogue. Carried.
21. Stevenson recites in Hebrew all the rest of the

term. Grant McKnight continues to be in love. Schmunk continues to be struck on his voice, the Faculty continue to give beastly hard examinations, and the RAVELINGS Board continue to be the finest looking people in Monmouth.

APRIL.

1. Comes on Sabbath, and the practical joker is in despair.
2. Bessie Liggett entertains the chicken-pox at her home on East Broadway.
3. Will Gladstone and Anna Wallace, Will Wallace and Laura Dow play 40 'leven sets of tennis. Mr. Wallace and Miss Dow plead guilty to the love games.
4. Jones spends the evening at — East Broadway. This notice applies equally well to every following date.
5. Del. Hogue entertains a very select party of friends. Guests go home early, *very* early.
6. Campbell purchases "Reveries of a Bachelor;" becomes disgusted at end of first chapter, and exchanges the book at half-price for "How Men Propose."
7. Schenck receives an *Annex* letter from F. O. Ross. Pinkerton essays to enter Schenck's room one minute later, but flees in affright from the lurid flames and sulphurous gases with which the atmosphere is surcharged.
8. Skinner spends the day with his aunty(?), and sighs because vacation isn't longer.
9. Homer McMillan rides his horse a little harder than usual, and is congratulated by the Prof. on his ability to make up Latin out of school.
10. College begins. Short hours. Tuition tickets issued. Senior girls go shopping in a body for Commencement finery. Nobody buys anything.

11. Paisley returns.
12. Seniors hold a class meeting and unanimously agree that the third term of Senior year was never intended for study.
13. Seniors hold a class meeting. Juniors look inquisitive thereafter; the Seniors mysterious.
14. Seniors hold a class meeting. One of the Preppies reports a vague rumor of class night. Shakespearean drama, etc.
15. Seniors hold a class meeting. The plot thickens.
16. Prof. Graham intimates to Hagey that he will withdraw all opposition on condition that Harry votes for the right man for alderman.
17. A lapse of time.
18. Alice Patton and Niblock take an equestrian tour at 5 a. m. Horseback riding, Alice affirms, is a particularly healthful exercise.
19. Tempus fugit, ditto Clingan.
20. Wishart descants on the properties of "well regulated jelly," to the Shakespeare class.
21. Maud Montgomery decides to attend De Pauw University next year in order to take up the elective study, "Amorology," of which a synopsis is given in the D. P. of U. Annual, '94.
22. The Junior Preps receive a letter from Ray.
23. Skinner and Jones threaten to "Sara neighed" certain girls.
24. Dr. McMichael assists Xenia Seminary to successfully pass its hundredth birthday.
25. Prof Rogers has his chin bangs cut.
26. Laura McGill's kitten is sick.
27. Burnside celebrates the first anniversary of his engagement.
28. Charlie Waddle stubs his toe.
29. Al Glass is tempted to hurl a missile in the wake of a fleeing feline, but remembers just in time the old proverb, "People in Glass houses, etc.
30. The cry of love—fifteen is heard in the land.
31. Comes on May day.

MAY.

2. Woodburn is disabled. Cause—struck by an idea.
3. The Jews and Dutchmen indulge in a free-for-all scramble in the corridor after chapel. The Sheenies carry off the palm. Prof. McMillan carries off the Sheenies.
4. Curtis Stevenson makes it all solid about that tutorship.
5. George Wilson buys another rosin string.
6. Howard McCleery gets up in the morning.
7. Alice Sansbury adopts a new fad.
8. Mary Phelps writes an ode to "Geometry" inspired by her love of the study.
9. The Freshmen excite admiration as they march out of chapel, doubtless because they walk with Grace.
10. Monmouth awaits breathlessly the result of inter-state.
11. Tom McCracken remarks that Effa McConnelllee must be turning Democratic in her tastes, for she seems so fond of Stevenson.
12. Arch Morrow asks Prof. Wilson where a first-class handy literal on Lysias is obtainable. Professor promises to tell him the first of July.
13. Tom writes a petition to the trustees requesting the purchase of an extra college bell. Tom is longheaded and believes in being prepared for emergencies.
14. The Seniors scatter their photographs broadcast.
15. Somebody proposes a picnic.
16. Rockwell attends a dance.
17. Jim McCracken blacks his boots. Bertha Patterson has a caller in the evening.
18. Logan laments that his base ball days are over.
19. Seniors tremble over impending examinations.

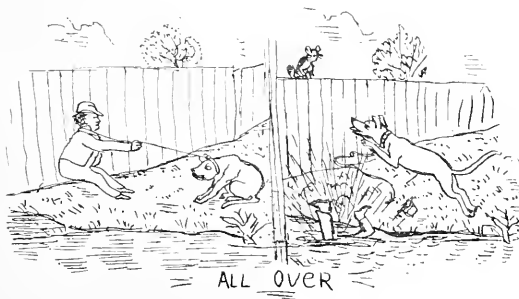
20. Sarah Regnier is afraid her commencement dress won't fit.
21. Classes all move up one row in chapel.
22. The RAVELINGS' artist strikes for less work and more pay.
23. Thompson dreams a dream which is not all a dream.
25. Willis McKelvey declaims "Sister and I." He is especially realistic in the line, "Bessie, Oh, Bessie, etc."
26. Floread Pattison pleads guilty to being almost as fond of a Hunt as Prof. Rogers.
27. A Prep. asks Hamilton when the RAVELINGS will

be out. Hamilton becomes irresponsible for his acts.

28. Clendenin writes an epitaph for the Annex.
29. Harriet Chamberlin is caught primping. She cheerfully asserts that it is her first offense and promises that it shall be her last.
30. Decoration Day.
31. Murphy proposes.

JUNE.

- 1-7. Final examinations. Sighs and groans.
- 7-14. Spike-tails, full dress and flowers. Class night, dramatic impersonations, slow curtain and red lights. Oratory contesting. Goodbye.



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Received for Premiums.....	35,591,337.98
From all other Sources.....	8,358,867.79
	<u>\$ 43,950,205.77</u>

DISBURSEMENTS:

To Policyholders.....	26,885,172.40
For all other Accounts.....	9,484,567.17
	<u>\$ 36,369,739.57</u>

ASSETS:

United States Bonds and other Securities.....	\$ 72,956,322.11
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage.....	79,729,618.93
Loans on Stocks and Bonds.....	7,497,290.69
Real Estate.....	18,689,618.69
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies.....	10,844,691.72
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, etc.....	6,069,668.39
	<u>\$186,767,680.14</u>

Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities.....	\$168,755,071.33
Surplus.....	17,952,608.91
Insurance and Annuities Assumed and Renewed.....	\$708,692,552.49

Note. Insurance merely written is discarded from this Statement as wholly unloading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor.

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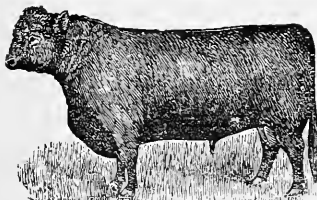
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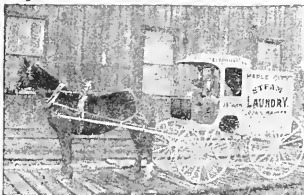
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